

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 828



OCT. 10, 1885

THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

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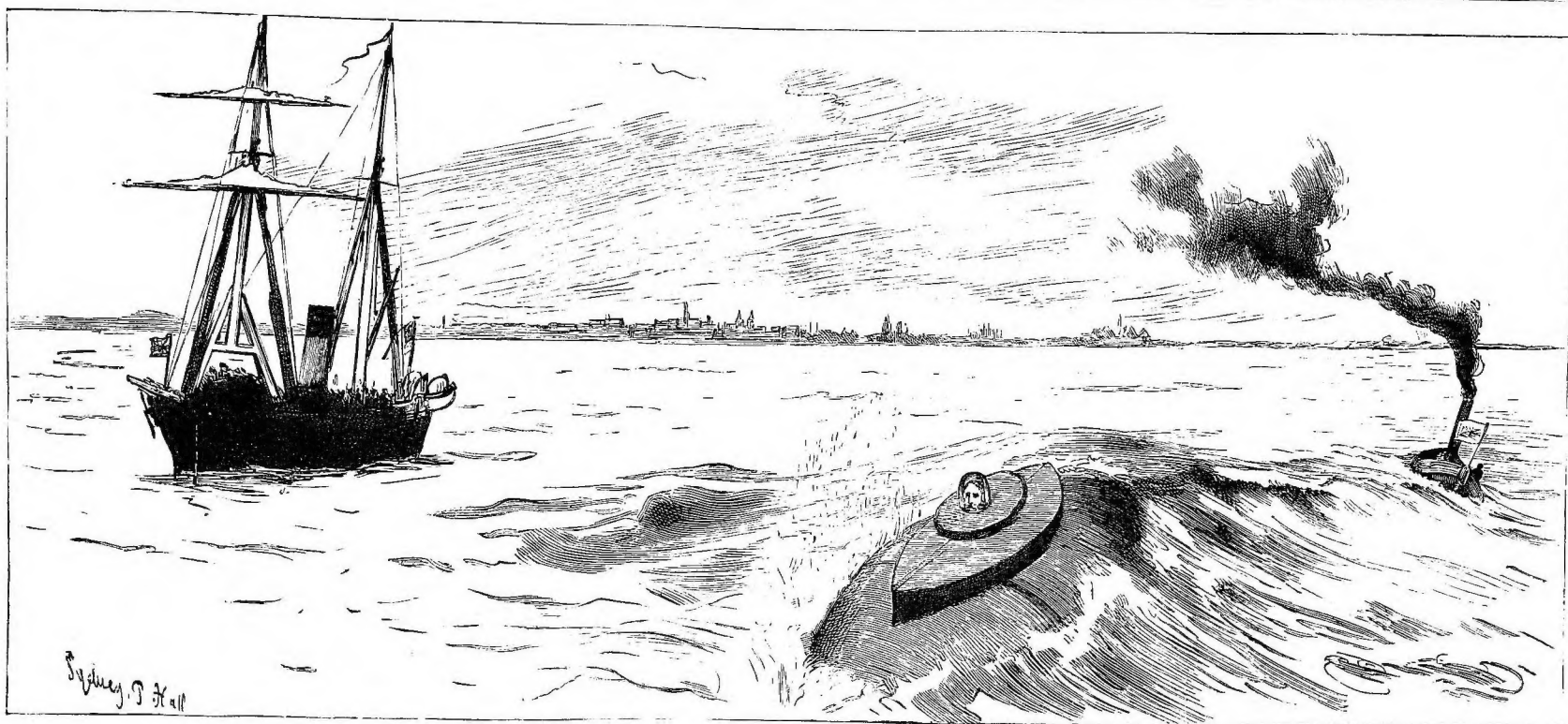
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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THE TRIAL OF THE NORDENFELT SUBMARINE BOAT AT LANDSKRONA, SWEDEN, BEFORE THE KING OF DENMARK AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



THE CRISIS IN EASTERN ROUMELIA—PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA ENTERING PHILIPPOPOLIS AT THE HEAD OF A REGIMENT OF BULGARIAN CAVALRY

Topics of the Week

LORD SALISBURY'S SPEECH AT NEWPORT is couched in cautious and moderate terms, as befits the man on whom the chief responsibility of the Government rests, but it is evident that personally he inclines rather towards the doctrines of Lord Idlesleigh than towards those of Lord Randolph Churchill. He approves in a large measure of the reforms set forth in Mr. Gladstone's manifesto, but he warns his hearers that the millennium is not so easy of attainment as is anticipated by the sanguine imaginations of the ultra-Radicals. But whether, after all, his hand may not be forced by his impetuous colleague at the India Office remains to be seen. Concerning Ireland, it is generally supposed that Lord Randolph Churchill is inclined to yield some modified form of Home Rule, but Lord Salisbury expresses himself as decisively opposed to Mr. Parnell's plan for giving Ireland the same position as Hungary occupies in the Austrian Empire. With regard to the Bulgarian question Lord Salisbury disappointed his adversaries by frankly accepting the existing condition of affairs. He does not propose to piece together the "torn-up" Treaty of Berlin, but at the same time he showed conclusively that Bulgaria had profited much by that Treaty, inasmuch as it saved the inhabitants from the inevitable Russian domination to which the San Stefano arrangement would have condemned them. Altogether, Lord Salisbury's manifesto ought to commend itself to the vast mass of moderate electors who desire wholesome reform rather than confiscation or violent revolutionary change.

PARTY DIVISIONS.—It is true that Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Goschen's speeches respectively represent widely different tendencies. But can the Conservatives themselves claim to be a perfectly united party? If we read Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches and Lord Idlesleigh's, we find very much the same difference of tone as that which distinguishes the speeches of Radicals from those of Moderate Liberals. Lord Randolph speaks somewhat vaguely; but it is plain enough that he wants to use the power of the State in new ways for the benefit of the community as a whole, especially of the poorer classes. Lord Idlesleigh, on the contrary, looks with suspicion upon State intervention, and would prefer, in the main, to trust to the slow action of forces which are altogether independent of Governments. The truth seems to be that there are at the present moment two distinct currents of political opinion in England, and that these currents of opinion do not wholly coincide with our traditional party distinctions. There are Tories who are not really very different from Radicals, and there are Liberals who are not really very different from Conservatives. The question which marks the true division is, How far ought the State to go in the effort to grapple with the causes of poverty? Both classes of politicians may be equally eager to improve our social system, but as to the means they disagree.

REMEDIES FOR IRISH DISCONTENT.—Judging from the relative space accorded to the two subjects in many of the London papers, the Bulgarian difficulty is of much more importance to this country than the Irish difficulty. But this is not really the case. Apart from the obligations imposed by the Berlin Treaty, it matters little to us whether Bulgaria is united or divided. But Ireland lies at our very doors—we cannot tow it away to distant latitudes, even if we wished to do so; and it is a very serious matter indeed that the bulk of the inhabitants of an island which is such a near neighbour, and which forms one-fourth of the area of the United Kingdom, should be so ill-affected towards our system of government. That system, as has often been before remarked in these columns, is a most anomalous one, and has not a counterpart in any civilised country. Ireland is fully represented in Parliament, and there is no censorship of the Press, or restraint on agitators' tongues, so that the people are immersed from year's end to year's end in a bath of what from a British Imperial point of view is treason and sedition. But, on the other hand, there is in Ireland a large standing army, avowedly kept there for the purpose of preventing rebellion, and this army is supported by the constabulary, who are nominally police, but who really form a second line of military defence. Thus it comes to pass that, in spite of the outward symbols of freedom, Irish policy is shaped rather by the presumed wishes and prejudices of the inhabitants of Great Britain than by those of the Irish themselves. But, as everybody knows, this policy has been carried out in a vacillating, half-hearted fashion. Sugar one day, then stick; conciliation followed by coercion. The result has been failure, as is just now shown by the powerlessness of the Government in the face of the boycotting epidemic. A Bismarck might for a change try the Crown Colony system, but our politicians, of either party, are too weak-kneed for such an heroic remedy. Another plan is the accordance to Ireland of such a measure of legislative independence as is already the heritage of Canada and Australia. This is the arrangement recommended by Mr. Parnell, and he very frankly tells us that the new Irish Government will protect native manufactures against British competition. This

threat sounds so monstrous as to be almost ludicrous, but after all it is only the way in which our Colonial cousins treat us, and yet we manage to do a thriving trade with them. And it may safely be asserted that, even if Ireland were as independent of Great Britain as are France or Germany, community of language and the force of long-continued habit would keep business in its existing channels. Such being the case, it may be worth while to try the experiment of letting the Irish manage their own domestic affairs.

THE QUETTA RAILWAY.—The long historical retrospect, of the Quetta railway which has just been published, shows, at all events, that Lord Randolph Churchill had no warrant for imputing to Lord Ripon the suspension of its construction in 1880. In October of that year, the then Viceroy telegraphed for fifty miles of permanent way and twenty light engines, in order to go on with the work with the utmost despatch, but Lord Hartington refused to comply with the request, and so brought matters to a stand-still. Nor did the late Government wake up to the necessity, which was recognised by Lord Ripon, of completing the line, until the Russians occupied Merv. Then, no doubt, there was an abundance of energy, but four precious years had been wasted, and no small portion of the plant was dispersed, or rendered useless. The result is that although good progress has been made this year, considering the enormous difficulties of the route, the railway is not expected to reach Gulistan Karez, at the foot of the Khojak Amran, until 1887. Had the late Government only acted on Lord Ripon's advice, the whole line would now be finished, and we could hear with less misgivings that the Russians have completed the Transcaspian railway as far as Askabad, and are now beginning the section from that place to Merv. When being interviewed at St. Petersburg the other day, M. Lessar expressed, it appears, an unflattering opinion about our management of foreign affairs, declaring that "everything is sacrificed for party reasons." There is only too much truth in the criticism, but even the most furious partisan among us may stand appalled on learning that a great strategical work begun by one Government, and highly approved by the Viceroy appointed by its successor, was absolutely left untouched for four years, because to have gone on with it would have wounded the susceptibilities of certain politicians at home. M. Lessar kindly warns us not to be in a hurry about the completion of the Boundary Commission, his conviction being that it will occupy a much longer period than John Bull expects. Is the Russian Government speculating on the chance of the return of Liberalism being followed by another suspension of the Quetta railway? There would be a fair justification for that expectation after what has already happened.

CONSERVATIVE VICTORIES IN FRANCE.—The success of the Conservatives in the French general election is not likely to be so formidable as was for some time supposed. They will still form only about one-third of the Chamber, and even if they were much more numerous they would find it difficult to upset the Republic. For they are not, of course, a homogeneous party. Even the Royalists are divided into two distinct sections, who have little real sympathy with one another; and the ultimate aims of both are wholly different from those of the Imperialists. Nevertheless, the Conservative victories are a highly important demonstration of public opinion, and in this sense they are interpreted by all the most influential leaders of the Republican party. According to some authorities, the result is due chiefly to the action of the Republicans with regard to the Church; but if this had been the true explanation, the Radicals would have been the principal sufferers, whereas they have gained many seats at the expense of the Opportunists. The questions which mainly determined the issue seem to have been those connected with the foreign policy of the late Government. The expeditions to Tonquin and Madagascar might have been forgiven if they had been successful; but they have been wretched failures, and they have been failures for which the French tax-payer has had to pay dearly. It is not yet known what statesman may be called to power in consequence of the elections; but it is already certain that, whoever may be the next Prime Minister, there will be in the near future no more reckless Colonial adventures. The French people desire to devote their energies to the settlement of their domestic difficulties, and they have shown that they are resolved, and have the power, to impose their will on their rulers.

APPORTIONMENT OF CHURCH REVENUES.—The Church of England has long been threatened with disestablishment, and, if a Radical majority should be returned to the forthcoming House of Commons, these threats may be translated into action. Nor is it likely that, in the matter of its endowments, the Church of England will by the new school of root-and-branch reformers be treated as fairly and considerately as was the Church of Ireland by Mr. Gladstone. Such being the case, it seems at first sight rather remarkable that the clergy of the Church should be so apparently apathetic on this subject. One might suppose that diatribes against Disestablishment would be poured forth Sunday after Sunday from a thousand pulpits. Whence, then, this silence and indifference? The answer, perhaps, is that a good many of the clergy feel like the ass in the old fable, who refused, when laden with booty, to hurry away from the enemy, alleging that they could not treat him worse than did his rider. As a profession, for a man without money, interest, or special

gifts, the Church presents but a poor pecuniary look-out. If it could be done, nothing would tend more to defer the day of Disestablishment, as "A London Vicar" observes in a letter to the *Times*, than an equitable rearrangement of the Church's income, including a proper system of retiring allowances. But could such a change be made, even if the Episcopate were ready to undertake it? A large portion of the revenues of the Church are really private property. A man who has bought the right of presentation to a living would feel unfairly treated if a large percentage of the proceeds of his investment were to be distributed among needy ecclesiastics, yet in no other way can a really equitable adjustment of Church incomes be effected. Pending the solution of this difficulty, however, surely the Bishops might devise a plan for preventing the scandals which result from the levying of extraordinary tithes. How can a man love his Church who has just had thirty thousand hop-poles seized by its officers?

FREE EDUCATION.—Among all the burning questions of the day, there is none which more divides public opinion than what goes by the name of "free education." We find Mr. Gladstone scarcely veiling his innate abhorrence of a reform which cuts at the very root of the principle that parents should be held as responsible for the intellectual training of their children, as for administering to their physical requirements. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain argues, with great force and cogency, that the natural and necessary supplement of compulsory education is the abolition of school fees. Undoubtedly it looks a real hardship to the working classes that they should not only be compelled to send their children to school when, as often happens, they could make profitable use of them at home, but in addition be forced to pay for their teaching. It has to be remembered, however, that parents in a really necessitous condition can always get the fees remitted at Board Schools, on making representation of their narrow circumstances. Inasmuch, however, as the amount obtained by fees forms a comparatively small asset of the Board Schools, greater good would, we think, come from their abolition than from their retention, were there no other system of primary education in existence. It is mainly because the new departure recommended by Mr. Chamberlain would deal a death blow to the voluntary system, already sore pressed by its rate-supported rival, that the proposal requires to be very carefully considered. Already there are plenty of indications that the ratepayers have become thoroughly incensed by the constant augmentation of the School Board rate, and, were the voluntary system to collapse, the result would be a serious increase of this pressure, followed in all probability by a general revolt. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Courtney that the time has not come for public judgment to be definitely formed on this question, one way or the other. We coincide, too, with his opinion that "those who have resisted, and who would resist, gratuitous education are friends of the poor, as strong, as deeply stirred, as sympathetic, and perhaps more far-sighted than those who are in favour of it."

SERVIA AND THE POWERS.—The excitement created in Serbia by the Bulgarian revolution has not in the slightest degree diminished, and the country is rapidly preparing for war. The Servians consider that they have as good a right as the Bulgarians to compete for the foremost place in the Balkan Peninsula, and unfortunately the condition of Old Serbia provides them with an excellent excuse for their present action. Should King Milan cross the frontier, he will of course do so under the pretext that his subjects find it impossible any longer to resist the appeals addressed to them by their kinsmen and co-religionists. For some time the Austrian Government encouraged the Servians in their warlike policy, but the general opinion in Vienna now seems to be that resolute efforts must be made to prevent the outbreak of war. For it is certain that if Serbia decides to fight for extension of her territory Greece will do the same; and then we shall be very near the time for the final partition of the Ottoman Empire, a process which cannot be effected without a frightful European convulsion. That the Powers could, if they pleased, compel the Servians to remain quiet there can be no doubt; and it must be hoped that they will very soon issue peremptory orders on the subject. At the same time it will be absolutely necessary for them to adopt effectual measures for the protection of those unfortunate classes in the Turkish Empire, whose rights the Porte has hitherto been either unable or unwilling to defend. Unless this is done it will always be easy for Russia or any other ambitious Power to re-open the Eastern Question.

SUBWAYS.—An old-world heathen would have erected a temple to "Diana of the Crossways" on the historic spot between the Mansion House and the Exchange, where so many busy thoroughfares converge. To the nervous and purblind, or the unaccustomed visitor from the country, the transit, during the busiest hours of the day, appears to be a feat of considerable daring, but it is not so difficult as it looks. The City police are very skilful and intelligent in their endeavours to provide for the convenience both of vehicles and of pedestrians; and moreover as at this spot everything has to go at a slow pace owing to the congestion of traffic, passengers incur less risk of being run over than in other less crowded thoroughfares. In actual fact, there are far more dangerous spots elsewhere, as for example where empty railway vans suddenly dash round unexpected corners, or where hansom cabs, speeding along at the rate of eight miles

an hour, glide almost unheard over the asphalt. Still, such a series of radiating subways as is proposed for the area between the Mansion House and the Exchange will be a great boon. The subway which passes from South Kensington Station under the Exhibition Road has proved to thousands of people that a subterranean passage may be dry, airy, and cheerful. The idea is capable of extension. In this foggy, chilly climate, an underground street, with underground shops, would be rather a pleasant resort. Gradually the subterranean idea may be extended, until everything, houses, factories, carriages, and people, are located beneath the surface, which, instead of being encumbered by smoky buildings, can then be laid out in umbrageous pleasure-grounds.

THE QUEEN'S MILLIONS.—It is just as well that one of the yarns about the enormous wealth of the Queen should have met with authoritative refutation. Among Radical spouters of the baser sort it is one of the commonest embellishments of oratory, to point a moral and adorn a tale by contrasting the abounding riches of Her Majesty with the abject poverty of some virtuous cobbler or tinker. Of course there is a contrast, but Sir Henry Ponsonby shows that the Royal millions which have figured in so many indignant speeches are purely mythical. The particular fiction which called forth this denial was, it appears, uttered at a Liberal gathering by a gentleman who aspires to a seat in Parliament, and who should therefore have known better than to juggle with big figures for the entertainment of the Democracy. He stated that the Queen had lately invested a million sterling in ground-rents in the City of London, and no doubt some of his audience were as much shocked to hear it, as if they had been told that the Sovereign had laid out a fine fortune on a diamond-studded chariot, or something of that sort. Sir Henry Ponsonby shows, however, that the statement had absolutely no foundation whatever. In the first place, "the Queen possesses no property at all in the City of London;" secondly, she has not invested any money in ground-rents, there or elsewhere; thirdly, she does not own a million of money. It appears, therefore, that the author of the "flam" in question cleverly managed to include three separate fictions in a single brief statement. Should he accomplish a seat in Parliament, he will do well to make more certain of his facts, unless he wishes to hear the very unpleasant sound—so trying to the nerves and the temper of a new member—of derisive laughter.

CHURCHMEN AND NONCONFORMISTS.—In receiving a Nonconformist deputation at the Church Congress on Tuesday, the Bishop of Winchester expressed a hope that Churchmen and Nonconformists "might some day, not very far hence, be one body as well as one spirit." "They of the Church," he added, "desired to offer all the facilities they could to that union, and would gladly enlarge their borders." It is not very easy to see how this ideal could be realised, since there are multitudes of Nonconformists who could not possibly become members of the Church of England unless its constitution were radically changed. But there is no reason why Churchmen and Nonconformists should not enter into far more cordial relations with one another than those which they have, as a rule, hitherto maintained. True, Nonconformists agitate for Disestablishment; but that does not necessarily mean that they are hostile to the Church as a spiritual institution. They profess to have the deepest respect for it, and there can be no doubt that they are of opinion that if it were disestablished it would obtain a new lease of life, since it would be compelled to make the most of its vast resources. In this view they may be mistaken; but the fact that they take up such a position ought to prevent Churchmen from talking of them as enemies. The advantage would not be all on one side if Churchmen and Nonconformists associated with one another more freely. Each, we may be sure, would have something to learn from the customs, traditions, and ideas of the other.

ASSAULTS ON THE POLICE.—Mr. Hannay, the magistrate, remarked the other day that the police were in the habit of founding charges of assault on very trifling blows, and added that in Liverpool no charge of assault was preferred unless a limb had been broken. After reading this, one feels that the lot of the unlucky Liverpool "Bobby" cannot be a very happy one. A large seaport is always fully provided with rough characters, add to which there is a powerful Irish element among the poorer classes on the banks of the Mersey. If, with such a population as this, the Liverpool policeman never prefers a charge of assault unless his bones have been broken, he must either be a most forbearing creature, or have a frame of cast iron and india-rubber. Surely the time-honoured magisterial doctrine is wholesome, and more in accordance with common sense, namely, that assaults on the police should be punished with special severity, both because they are representatives of the majesty of the law, and because they are so liable to be attacked under circumstances where they cannot defend themselves. It is a very ordinary occurrence for a policeman, while conveying a violent prisoner to the station, to be set upon by a cowardly and truculent mob. If such persons were led to believe that the law took no cognisance of anything short of fractured limbs, they would kick a policeman's shins, or punch him black and blue, with an added zest.

SPANISH HIGH JINKS.—The extraordinary proceedings in which Señor Canovas del Castillo has been indulging might almost justify belief that he imagined Spain to have recovered her ancient position as the greatest Power in Europe. Even in those days, a Spanish Minister would have thought once, and twice, and thrice before he attempted to levy an execution for arrears of taxes at the British Embassy. A more undignified method of revenging himself on England, because she showed cold sympathy for Spain in the Caroline Islands dispute, could not well be conceived. But for downright puerility, even this was surpassed by the angry Don's supremely foolish intention to "boycott" those English and French papers which treated him cavalierly. He actually issued orders to have the correspondents of the three chief offenders turned out of Spain, bag and baggage, nor was it his fault that this outrage against international comity was not perpetrated. Very soon, however, he repented of his mad resolve, and then caused a *communiqué* to be inserted in the Madrid papers, denying that he ever entertained any intention of the sort. We can well believe that the Spanish people are utterly disgusted with these vulgar stupidities; of polite and punctilious manners, and hospitable withal, they can ill brook conduct on the part of their Prime Minister which would more befit the chief counsellor of His Majesty of Dahomey. Unfortunately, King Alfonso is so circumstanced just at present that he cannot afford to quarrel with Señor Canovas del Castillo. Were it otherwise, the strong representations which have been forwarded, it is said, from Downing Street to Madrid, would probably have involved the retirement of this too autocratic Minister into private life.

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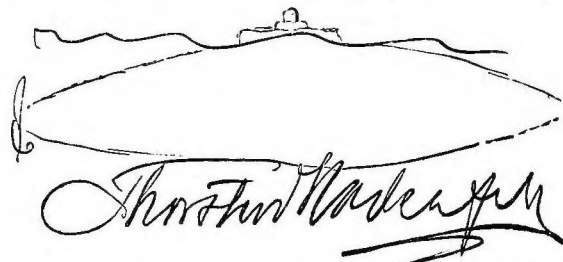
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THE NORDENFELT SUBMARINE BOAT

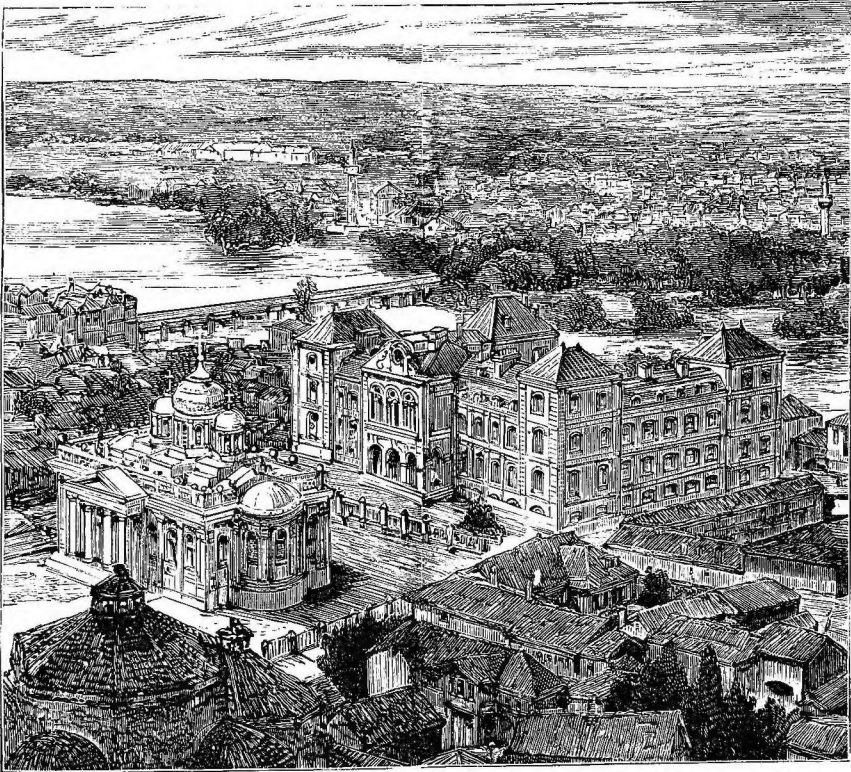
JUST before leaving Denmark for the South the Prince of Wales, with the King and Queen of Denmark and the Czarina, witnessed off Landskrona, a town on the Swedish coast, an interesting and successful trial of the new submarine boat which has been built at Stockholm upon the plans of Mr. Nordenfält—the inventor of the machine-gun so extensively used in modern warfare. Ever since the American Civil War naval engineers have been striving to solve the problem of submarine navigation, but until now with very little success. Mr. Nordenfält's invention, however, appears to fulfil the numerous requirements necessary for overcoming the difficulties and dangers of maintaining, driving, and directing a boat beneath the water. The boat is built of steel, and is cigar-shaped, with a glass conning-tower in the centre, from which the commander can keep a look-out. This dome is protected by a strong iron cover. There are three engines, one to work the screw in the stern which propels the vessel, and two to work the propellers on either side, which, when set in motion, compel the boat to sink, and maintain her at a certain depth beneath the surface. When it is wished to sink the boat enough sea-water is taken in to reduce the buoyancy to 1 cwt., and this suffices to keep the tower just above the surface. The side propellers then being set in motion, the vessel can be sunk to a required depth, there being an automatic arrangement by which the engines are stopped directly that depth is exceeded. An automatic horizontal steering gear also prevents the boat from going down or up head-foremost, an even keel being preserved throughout all the manoeuvres. Should a breakdown of the engine occur, the boat from its own buoyancy at once rises to the surface. The motive power is steam, and as long as the vessel is above water the fires can be stoked, the smoke being driven through two channels, which pass partly round the hull and point aft. When, however, the boat sinks, the fires have to be sealed, and reserve steam is used, which is kept at high-pressure in two tanks. With this the boat has been driven for five hours at a speed of three miles an hour. Her speed on the surface is eight knots. The crew number three, and during their submarine existence have to subsist on the amount of air which they take with them in the hull, in which four men have subsisted for six hours without any especial inconvenience. The boat is sixty-four feet long, and the central diameter is nine feet. The enormous utility of such a vessel as this in naval warfare is at once apparent. Moving without the slightest apparent sign of existence, she can launch torpedoes against hostile vessels, enter a harbour unperceived, and render useless the most complicated system of submarine mines. The trial at Landskrona was witnessed by officers representing every European Power. Admiral Arthur and Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke were amongst those representing the English services. The accompanying autograph was written on the



leaf of our artist's sketch book under a sketch made by Mr. Nordenfält to explain the form of his vessel.

AT THE OPERA, COPENHAGEN

ON the evening of Saturday, September 19th, there was a gala performance at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, of the opera *Mephistopheles*, at which the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czar and Czarina, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the remainder of the Royal party were present. Our illustration shows the Royal box in which in the front row sat the Queen of Denmark, the Czarina, the Princess of Wales, the Duchesse de Chartres, Princess Marie d'Orleans, the Crown Princess of Denmark, and the three daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Behind our young English Princesses were the two young Russian Grand Dukes, the sons of the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the two young Princes of Greece. In the further box, behind the Queen, were the Czar, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince, Prince Waldemar,



THE GYMNASE (UNIVERSITY) AT PHILIPPOLIS, NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION



BRIDGE OVER THE MARITZA, PHILIPPOLIS



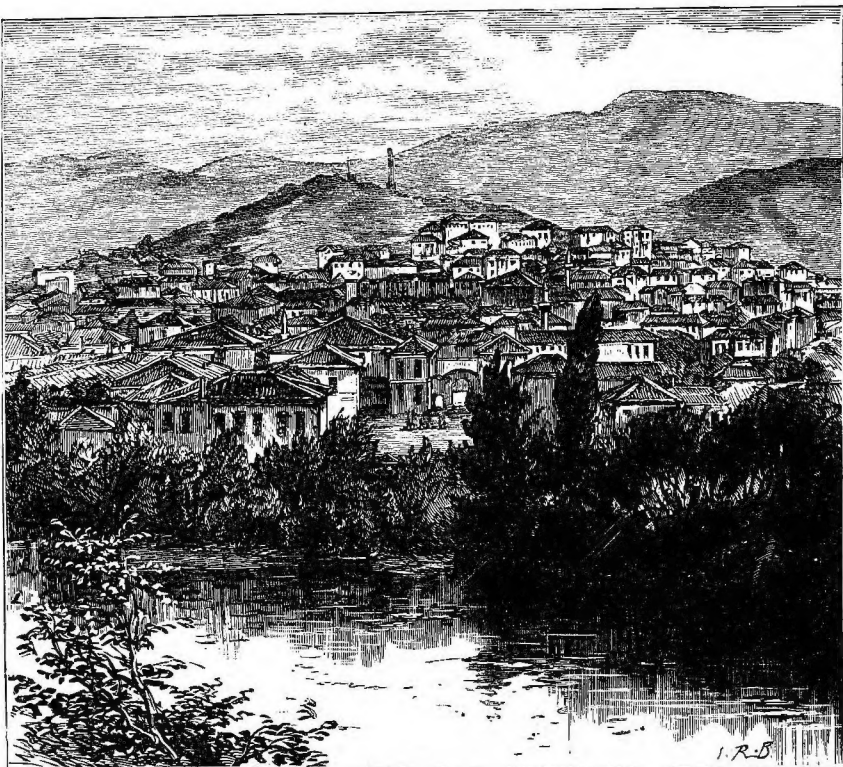
The National Costume

A Water Seller

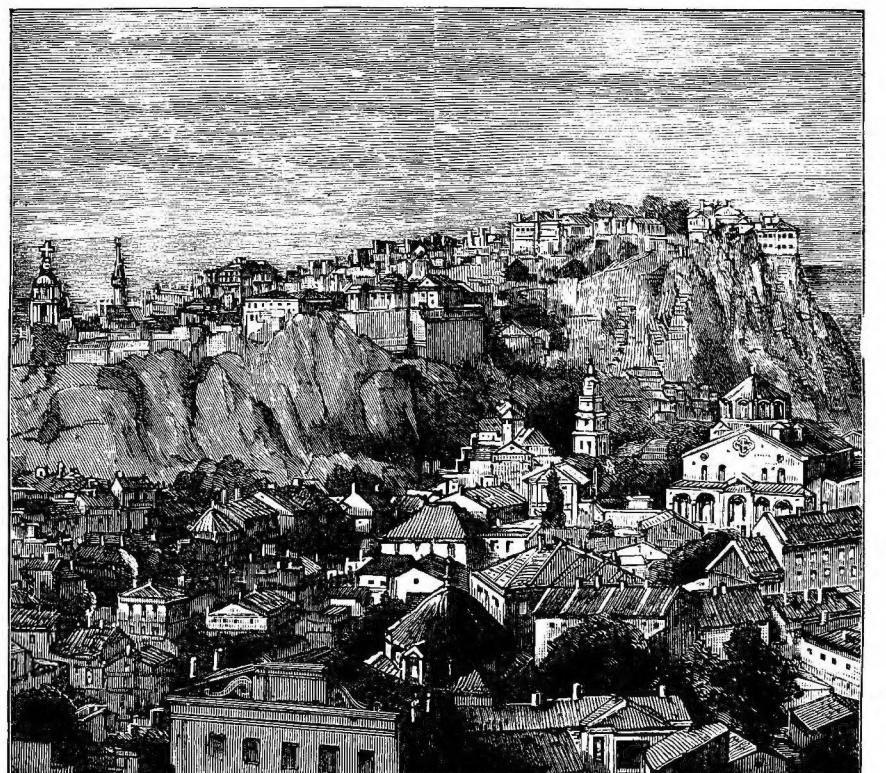
A Lady

A Peasant Woman

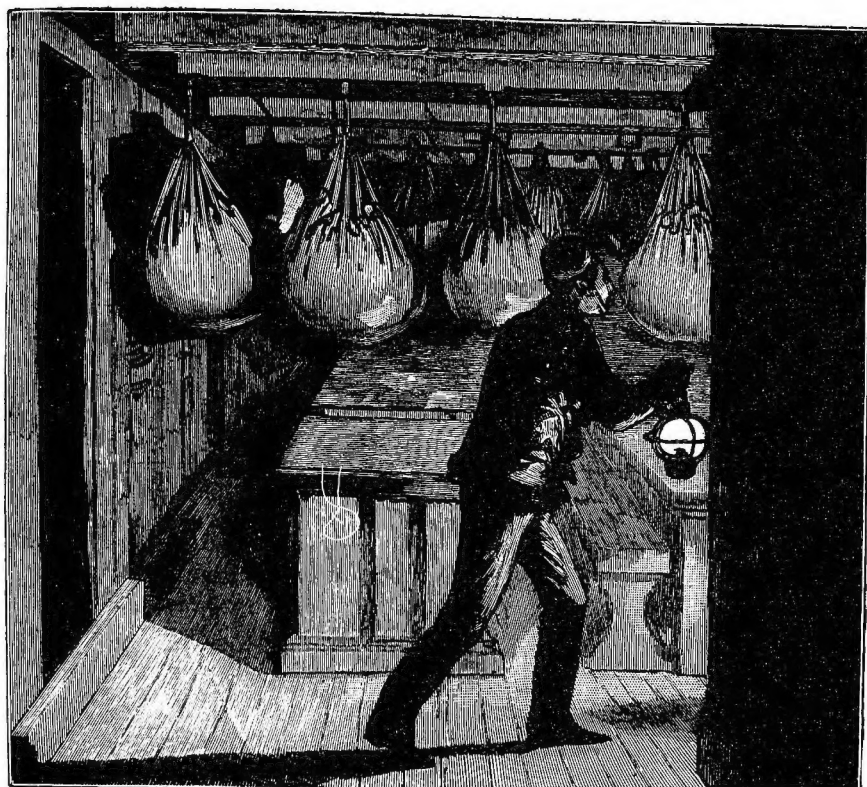
SOME BULGARIAN TYPES



TAAT TÉPÉ, PHILIPPOLIS, WITH THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AND THE MARITZA RIVER IN THE FOREGROUND



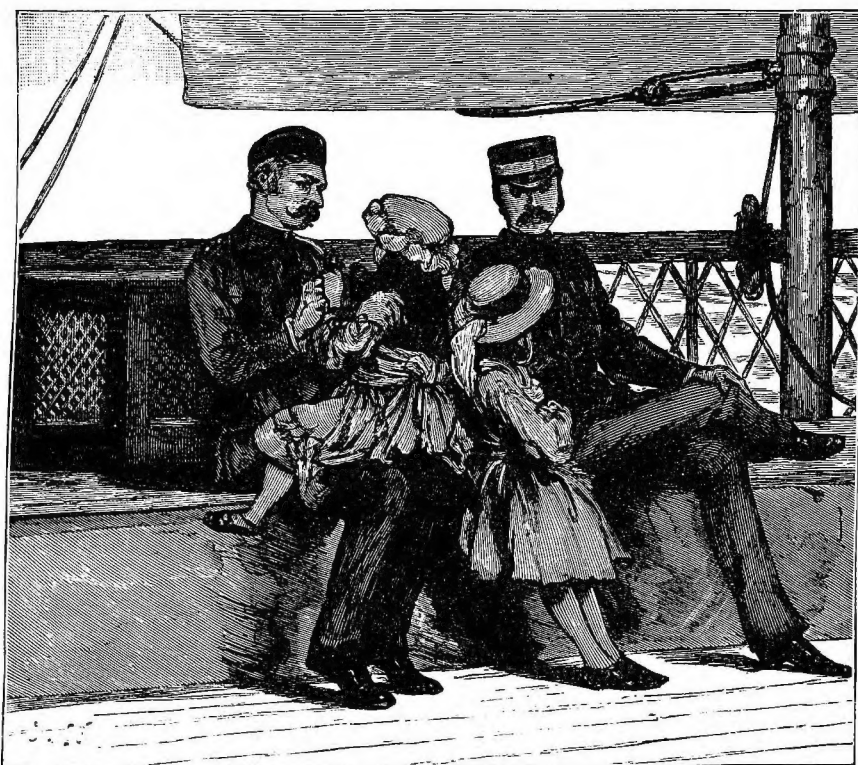
NEBET TÉPÉ, PHILIPPOLIS



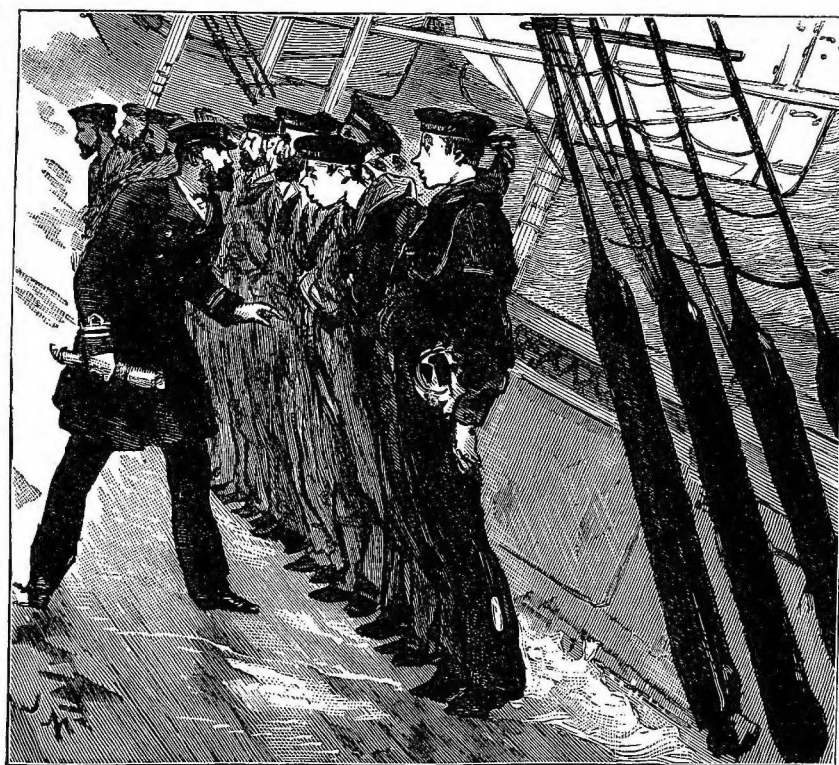
GOING HIS ROUNDS



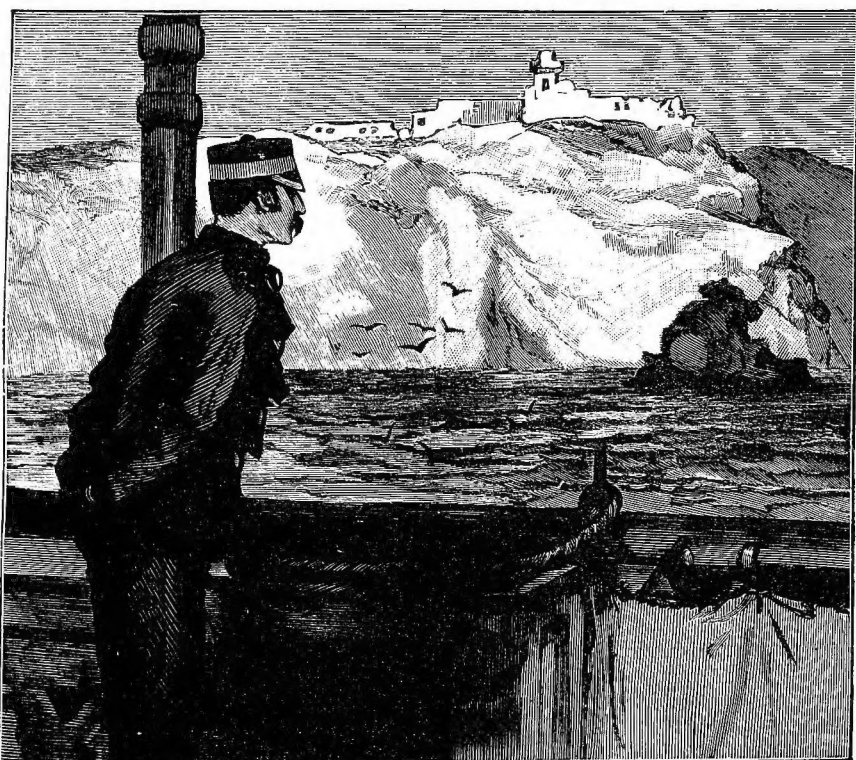
MILITARY OFFICER "ON WATCH" IN THE BAY OF BISCAY



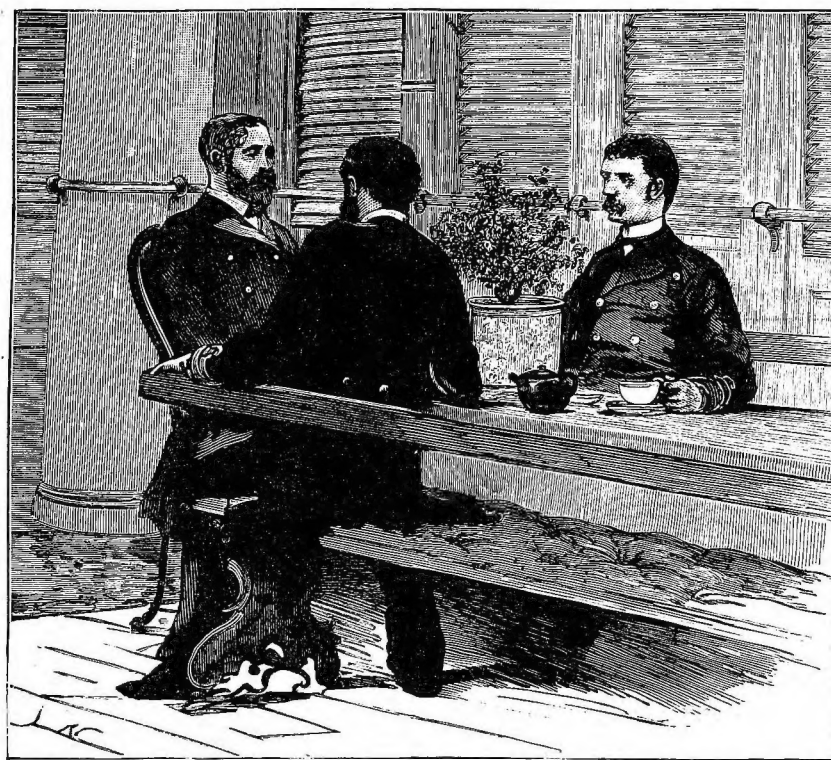
FAMILY MEN



'DIVISIONS' IN THE BAY OF BISCAY



PASSING CAPE ST. VINCENT



COCOA AND DOMINOES

Prince John of Glucksburg, and the Duc de Chartres, nearly all wearing naval undress uniform. After the performance loud cheers were given for the King and his visitors, who then adjourned to the Russian yacht *Derzhava*, on board of which the Czar and Czarina gave a grand ball and supper.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA ENTERING PHILIPPOLIS

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA endorsed his assumption of the sovereignty of Eastern Roumelia on September 22nd, by an official entry into Philippopolis. He arrived about noon, and was received with enthusiastic demonstration by an enormous crowd, the streets leading to the Governor's Palace being thronged, and the Prince being warmly cheered by the populace as he rode at the head of a Bulgarian cavalry regiment. At the Palace he was received by M. Stransky, and the Members of the Provisional Government, who at once resigned their power into his hands, M. Stransky being subsequently appointed the virtual Governor of the Province. The Prince, however, wishing to minimise the effect which his abrupt acceptance of the Eastern Roumelian sovereignty might have upon the Powers, immediately took steps to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Sultan, ordered the Turkish emblems which had been torn down from the public buildings to be restored, and hoisted the Ottoman and Bulgarian flags together on the Palace.

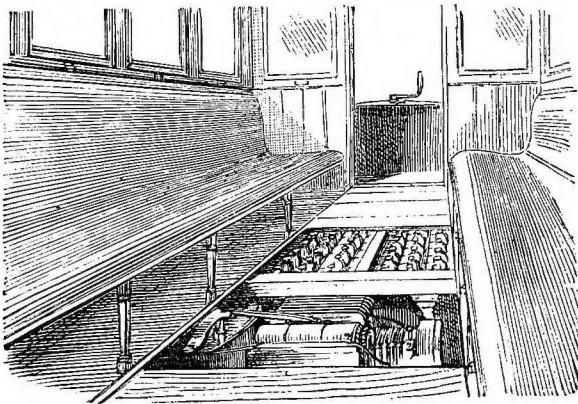
Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, lies on the River Maritza, between the Rhodope and the Kutchuk (Lesser) Balkan range. It stands on five *tépes*, or hills, the highest of which is 350 feet. The streets are narrow and mostly badly paved, with the exception of a new road which leads from the centre of the town to the railway station. Here good modern houses have been constructed. Not however that there was any lack of public buildings in the town, there being a Konak, or Governor's Palace, thirty-seven places of worship, a home for orphans, three hospitals, a spirit distillery, barracks to accommodate 3,000 men and stabling for 500 horses, seven public baths, and several schools and colleges. The "Gymnase" or University is a particularly fine building. The streets are well lighted with petroleum lamps, and an English company has now begun the erection of waterworks—the only British undertaking, by the way, in the town.

The population numbers nearly 35,000; nearly one-half are Bulgarians. The climate is very changeable, and the heat during summer drives away the population to the hills, whereas in the winter months the cold is most intense, a fine warm and bright day being frequently immediately followed by snow, covering the ground three and four feet. Food is cheap, but of very bad quality, butcher's meat being sold at 3d. a pound, a turkey costing 3s., chickens 8s. each, and eggs fetching 6d. the score. The quality of the wine is very fine, and the price is extremely low, averaging about 2½d. a bottle.

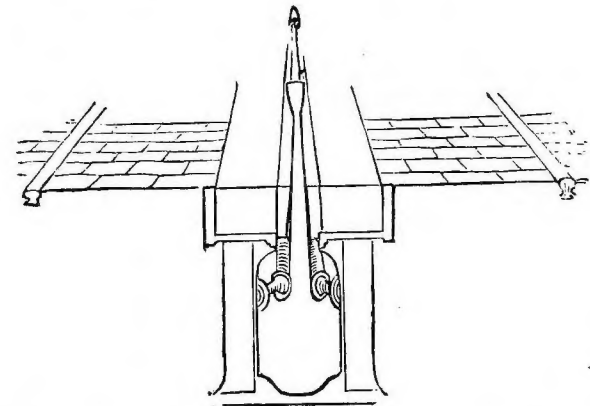
The character of the Bulgarians is suspicious, cunning, and selfish: they are nevertheless an intelligent and thrifty race, possessing a great deal of ambition. They mostly dislike foreigners. They are inhospitable, and social intercourse is almost unknown to them. Many charity balls are, nevertheless, given in winter, which are well-attended. The Bulgarian language is spoken, and although nearly all Bulgarians are acquainted with the Turkish and Greek languages, many nevertheless pretend that they do not know them. The Bulgarians detest the Greeks, and a great deal of animosity exists between the two races.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Cava, Philippopolis, kindly supplied by Mr. C. Castelli, of the Philippopolis Water Works, Limited.

FÊTE AT BLACKPOOL

OUR engravings of the Electric Tramway and the new Lifeboat at Blackpool are described on page 400. We here give, in addition, two diagrams, one of which shows the interior of a car, with



the accumulators exposed to view; the other displays a section of the middle line in which the "collector" in the groove runs. The



insulators, the cavity beneath the line, and the two outer rails are also shown.

HOME FROM THE EAST

THERE is plenty for the officers to do on board one of these big troop-ships, which carry a population equal to that of a small town, but, as they are chiefly soldiers, accustomed by the rules of their profession to prompt obedience, and subjected to a far stricter discipline than is applied under similar circumstances to civilians, there are fewer rows and unpleasantness than in an ordinary passenger ship. Our sketches might be entitled *Twice Round the Clock*, for they range in subject over the whole twenty-four hours.

The "military" have their share of watches on board, consisting of four hours by day, and the same at night. In the Bay of Biscay the nights are very cold, so that the copper chimney of the saloon fire is a favourite spot during the intervals of going the rounds of numerous sentries posted in all kinds of hide-and-seek places about

the ship. "Divisions" (the sailors' parade), in the Bay, with a long swell on, is somewhat of a feat, and one well performed by the A.B.'s, who move on their toes as the ship rolls, and sometimes appear to be standing at an unhappy angle with the deck. "Family Men" are the happy, or unhappy, fellows who are bringing home their children who have been grilled and stewed in the Indian heats. The various islands, capes, &c., passed on the way are eagerly examined through numerous field-glasses and telescopes. Finally, not one of the least pleasant times on board is spent over a cup of cocoa and a friendly game of dominoes.—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieut. A. W. Crawford M'Fall, King's Own Light Infantry.

THE "V.C." RACE

See page 400

THE KOOLOO VALLEY

THIS beautiful district of Northern India deserves to be better known by seekers after health and pleasure than it is. It is not difficult of access, the roads are excellent, supplies are plentiful, and comfortable rest-houses await the traveller at the end of every stage on the principal routes.

Kooloo, which, together with Lahoul and Spiti, constitutes one of the Punjab Government districts, is situated in lat. 32 deg. N., and between long. 76 deg. and 78 deg. E.

A well-known road leads from Simla to Sultanpore, the capital of Kooloo. On the way the Jalori Pass, 10,500 feet above the sea, is crossed. In the winter it is covered with snow, in the summer with a mass of wild flowers. There is a lovely view from the summit.

The people of Kooloo are a happy race, well-fed and well-clothed. The fine soil and perfect system of irrigation produce excellent crops. The pasturage is good, the cattle healthy, and the wool of the sheep is woven into a substantial cloth of which the picturesque garments of the people are made.

One of our sketches represents a Kooloo village. Each of these villages has an annual fair, which is of a semi-religious character, and at which the gods from the adjacent places, together with their priests, figure conspicuously. On these festive occasions, the men are dressed in their best, with flowers in their caps; while the women, who are very pretty, wear all their jewellery. There is a good deal of dancing, and not a little drinking.

Every village has its temple. One of the most remarkable of these buildings is the Temple of Doongree, which stands in a grove of deodara pines, so lofty and straight that they look almost uncanny. The temple is built of this wood, and, though more than 600 years old, shows few traces of decay. The front is beautifully carved.

The small wayside temples (Sketch 4) are rude buildings, with little or no carving. They are used principally as rest-houses for the gods when being carried to distant fairs. Inside there is either a sort of chair, or a heavy wooden casket, in which the god is placed.

One of the houses of the richer classes is shown in Sketch 5. The family live in the upper storey; the lower floor is appropriated to cattle and stores. An immense amount of snow falls during the winter, and provision has to be made accordingly.

As is often the case in semi-civilised countries, the women are far more industrious than the men. During the rice-transplanting season, the women may be seen hard at work up to their waists in water, while their lords and masters sit lazily smoking their pipes in the upper verandahs of the houses. They are supposed to be superintending the field-labour.

The costumes of the people are neat and graceful. The women usually wear a dark-blue kerchief round the head, while a handsome silver tiara lies flat on the hair, from ear to ear. Sometimes they wear a red pointed cap, black at the top.

To conclude. In Kooloo the traveller will find a lovely and picturesque country; a prosperous, light-hearted, and contented people; a climate as enjoyable as any in the world; and a fair amount of sport in the way of bears, leopards, jungle-fowl, and, in the winter, woodcock.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mrs. F. W. Benson, wife of Captain Benson, Garrison Instructor, 17th Lancers, Lucknow, India.

HUNTING THE JACKAL WITH THE BOMBAY FOXHOUNDS

"THESE sketches" writes the artist, "give a few scenes familiar, perhaps, to most members of the Bombay Hunt, and show the nature of the country generally traversed. The foxhounds are imported regularly every year from England, thanks to a liberal support shown by the sporting residents of Bombay, and with careful management under an able master and practical kennel-man stand the climate fairly well, and can do two days' good hunting a week after jackal. Hunting is carried on during the cool winter months, from October till March, in the delicious cool of an Indian morning, over fifteen or twenty miles of country, extending to the hills behind Bombay, and what with stone walls, mud walls, bunds, nullahs, cactus fencing, and the steep parched-up slippery slopes of the palm-clad hills, there are endless opportunities for the Arab and country-bred pony or horse to display his cleverness, and for putting as much exercise and excitement into a morning's run as the hardest rider can wish for.

"Jackals show excellent sport, and if they can be kept away from the hills many a long and exciting chase may be relied on, whilst the dew lasts. The hounds were out twenty-eight times last season, and killed twenty-four jackals: a proof of the fine sport to be got by judicious management of dogs in such a hot and humid climate."

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 413.

"WILD FLOWERS"

PERSONS of the male sex are not unfrequently insensible to the charm of flowers, whether wild or cultivated; but, with the exception of utterly degraded persons, the woman who cares nothing for flowers is such a rarity as to be almost a monstrosity. The painter, therefore, who places a comely girl in the midst of flowers places her, as it were, in her natural element. And there is a special charm about wild flowers. They are, as a rule, smaller and less brightly-tinted than their gaily-dressed brethren of the garden, but then they come direct from the Almighty Hand. The difference between them and their cultivated kindred is as the difference between the piping bull-finch in a cage, and the lark pouring out the whole of his little soul in melody, as he poises under the blue vault of Heaven.

"TALLY HO! OFF WE GO!"

THIS is a delightful picture to look at, full of life and vigour; and it tells its story so clearly that it really needs no explanation. The two huntsmen are enjoying themselves in old-fashioned homely style in the inn kitchen after the fatigues of the chase; one of their whips reposes on the settle; the horn is hung over the top of the wooden screen; and their dogs are basking in the welcome warmth of the fire. Then the elder man of the two exalts the little daughter of the house to the seventh heaven of delight by giving her a ride on his boot, having previously, to add to the illusion, transferred his own head-gear to her curly pate.

THE LATE EARL OF SHAFFESBURY, K.G.

See pp. 409 et seqq.

NOTE.—The article on Koldinghuus, which appeared in our issue for August 29, and which was signed "M. T.," was written by Mr. Peter Toft, from whose drawings our illustrations were engraved.



II.

THE *National* opens with a sensible *resumé* of the facts of the political situation from the Conservative point of view, entitled "The Electoral Campaign."—Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun supplements his recent address to the London Chamber of Commerce with an article on "An Anglo-Chinese Alliance." China and England by acting in concert would guarantee themselves and Asia against the mischiefs arising from French and Russian intrigue. He takes this opportunity of again insisting upon his scheme, or opening up the Shan States by a railway from Moulmein, met at Rahang by one from Bangkok, and then carried forward to Kiang Tsen.—The Bishop of Derry has a finely conceived and finely written poem, "The New Atlantis." It is a vision of Bacon's island, where the Discord of Faith and Science in this age of criticism is ended in a happy reconciliation.

Of the articles written as far as standpoint goes, "From Three Platforms," in the *Fortnightly*, the palm must perhaps be given to that of Mr. Edward Dicey, which he calls "A Malcontent Liberal's Plea." He places ably and thoughtfully before the reader the reasons which induce him and many more Liberals to dissociate themselves from the Whig-Radical Coalition. He is an old-time Liberal, and cannot away with the departure from cardinal Liberal principles which is characteristic of the followers of Mr. Gladstone. His three main principles are, liberty of the individual, integrity of the United Kingdom, and maintenance of the Empire. As the Conservatives are most likely to uphold these, they will have his vote.—"Philo-Turk" gives a most interesting picture of "Men and Manners in Constantinople." He has evidently been behind the scenes of life there, is a shrewd judge of character, and writes brightly.—Miss M. A. Lewis, in "Our Future Masters," is admirable in her unaffected narrative of the good work she has done as mistress of a Bible-class in one of our London slums.

The *Contemporary Review* opens with a sharp retort by Cardinal Newman on Principal Fairbairn's article in the *May* number of the same Review, criticising some of the Cardinal's philosophical work.—The most popular paper will probably be "Mr. Gladstone in Norway," by Lady Brassey. The ex-Premier would seem to enjoy great popularity among the Norwegians. In spite of the fact that the *Sunbeam* was occasionally exposed to tempestuous weather, it is sufficiently plain that her distinguished passengers must have had a most delightful trip.—The Duke of Argyll, on "Land Reformers," points out the differences that divide the Liberals on the question of land, and states clearly his own views, which are, as we know, diametrically opposed to those for which Mr. Chamberlain stands sponsor.—Mr. Alexander Anderson has composed a poem, with some music and poetical thought in it, on "Heine Before the Venus of Milo." The idea of these lines is suggested by the well-known statement made by Heine in one of the prefaces of his poems.

Macmillan contains an instructive account of the social and political system of Valais—"Notes in a Swiss Village," by Murrough O'Brien. He would like to see Ireland enjoying the privileges which have fallen to the lot of the happy Swiss peasantry.—"Continental Troutling" is an amusing sketch of the difficulties which beset the British angler, whose heart is bent on exploiting French rivers.—Miss Janet Ross gives us a good descriptive paper on "Tarentum."

There is an appreciative criticism in *Blackwood* of "Lord Lytton's 'Glenavril.'" The writer is enamoured of its luxuriant vitality, but regrets the absence of carefulness and elaboration in its form.—A story treating amusingly of some characteristics of the poorer class of Jewish traders is "A Polish Elias," which is begun and ended in this number.—"Competitive Examinations in China: A Chapter of Chinese Travel," is presumably by Miss Gordon Cumming, and sheds light on the living purgatory of Confucian study to which the customs of the Celestial Empire condemn the aspirants after learning and renown in China. The author hints that one of these days Board Schools and perpetual examinations may bring us to the same level as the Chinese.

In the *Gentleman's* Mr. Robert W. Graves gives an account of an excursion he once made to "A Thracian Fortress" in the neighbourhood of Philippopolis. There is evidently much scope in Eastern Roumelia for the searcher after the vestiges of antiquity.—"A Little Academe," by Mr. Ernest Rhys, takes us into the land sacred to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and is full of literary interest.—"Toynbee Hall" is a hopeful account of the work being done by University men in the new Whitechapel institution, which is presided over by Mr. Barnett.

The *Century* magazine contains its usual amount of excellent matter. Among its most attractive papers is "Tuscan Cities," by Mr. W. D. Howells, who is always in his element when bringing home to us the Italy either of to-day or of a distant yesterday.—There are two good papers on "General Grant" by Generals Adam Badeau and Horace Porter.

In *Belgravia*, besides the excellent serials by Mr. Clark Russell and Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. George M. McCrie writes a fairly good story afloat in the Hebrides; and Mrs. M. E. Haws, in "Demi-Semi-Culture," criticises the progress in taste as to "the present renaissance of culture."

Mr. William Archer contributes to the *Theatre* a discriminating and kindly criticism on Miss Mary Anderson. That lady's critics, as a rule, hold that she is not sympathetic; but Mr. Archer believes her to be so in a very high degree.—Very interesting, too, is Mr. John Coleman on "Phelps as I Knew Him;" while Mr. Charles Hervey gives an entertaining sketch of "Regnier," based on his own reminiscences.

In *All the Year Round* "Studies of Over the Way" are pleasantly written.—"Chronicles of the English Counties" treat this month of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, and, it is almost needless to say, are admirable in their descriptive allusion to history and scenery.

Household Words presents as a main feature nine complete stories of very fair merit. There are as well two serials. Besides, plentiful provision is made of notes on current events, and there is a great deal of other useful information.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is from the engraving by Cheeseman from Romney's charming painting of Lady Hamilton, "The Spinster." Mr. E. Barrington Nash writes of "Some Portraits" of the beautiful friend of Nelson. As a biographical sketch his paper is well done, while it is illustrated by capital engravings from portraits of its subject by Romney and Reynolds.—Mr. Henry Fawcett writes excellently on "Barnham Beeches."—Miss May Kendall's "Below the Sea," in "Poems and Pictures," is pretty, musical, and melancholy. Mr. Overend's accompanying pictures correspond happily to the quaint fancy.

The *Portfolio's* frontispiece is an etching, by M. A. Massé, from

M. Felix Ziem's painting, "Venice."—The other etchings are mainly illustrative of Mr. Loftie's tenth article on "Windsor." We have frequently, and with reason, praised this series of papers.—We may call attention, however, to Mr. Heywood Hardy's etching, "Deer in Windsor Park."—Mr. W. M. Conway's third article in his series deals this month with "The Rise of the Dominican School," and is valuable both as an artistic and historical essay.

Mr. M. E. Duldac's etching, after Jimenez y Arauda's painting of "A Public Letter-Writer at Seville," is the frontispiece of the *Art Journal*. The etcher is to be thanked for so faithfully presenting to us a typical Spanish picture.—Mr. Joseph Hatton continues to be bright and interesting in his illustrated paper, "London Clubland;" Mr. H. Jones gives a brief sketch of "The Princess Pocahontas." The portrait which accompanies the article does no injustice to the famous lady's charms, here enhanced by her seventeenth-century costume.



LORD SALISBURY'S eagerly expected exposition of Conservative policy was made on Wednesday at Newport, Monmouthshire, where the National Union of Constitutional and Conservative Associations has been holding its annual meeting. At the outset he took occasion to dispel any fear that the Government would oppose the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. Passing to the question of local government, he advocates such an extension of it as would reduce to a minimum the centralised power of the Local Government Board in London. He would further transfer to the elected local authority of the future the power over licenses at present exercised by the magistrates, and leave it free to deal with such matters as Sunday closing. Lord Salisbury also allowed it to be distinctly understood that he was in favour of making personal property bear its share of the burdens of local taxation. As regards Ireland, he made the somewhat important statement that an extension of local government there must be so shaped as to protect the minority against the majority. He spoke strongly of the determination of the Conservative party to maintain the integrity of the United Kingdom, and, while reiterating the familiar arguments for allowing the Crimes Act to lapse, and giving instances of Boycotting which no law could reach, he declares that the Government would do all that it could to repress it, and pointed as a proof of their sincerity to thirty-five prosecutions for Boycotting which it had instituted. Coming to the land question, he ridiculed as impracticable and unjust the agrarian schemes of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings, but he was anxious to facilitate and cheapen the transfer of land, and announced that the Lord Chancellor had discovered a solution of the problem of land-registration. After combatting Mr. Chamberlain's proposal of free education he wound up by denouncing the encouragement given in Mr. Gladstone's manifesto to the friends of Disestablishment and Disendowment. Lord Salisbury's defence of the Establishment was the most animated part of his speech, and his remarks in this connection on the duties of Liberal Churchmen were skilfully adapted to influence their votes at the General Election.

TWO OTHER CABINET MINISTERS addressed Conservative gatherings on Wednesday: Lord George Hamilton at Newport, and Colonel Stanley at Blackpool, the latter protesting against viewing the recall of Sir Charles Warren as any more a censure on him than was the recall of Lord Wolseley after Tel-el-Kebir.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, accompanied by Lady Dilke, for whom three cheers were given, addressed the Chelsea electors at great length on Tuesday. Giving a guarded adhesion to Mr. Chamberlain's programme, he expressed his dissent from those passages of Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto which referred to a reform of the House of Peers and to gratuitous education. A reconstituted Upper House would become, Sir Charles said, a body actively mischievous, to which he would prefer the House as at present constituted. He was strongly in favour of free schools, suggesting, among other plans for raising the necessary funds, the concession to local authorities of some tax at present Imperial, but capable from its nature of local collection. This suggestion of Sir Charles's may call to mind Mr. Goschen's proposal some years ago to transfer the Inhabited House Duty to local authorities, to be applied for general local purposes.

MR. GOSCHEN has issued his address to the electors of the North-Eastern Division of Edinburgh. One of the most significant passages is that in which, fully recognising the duty of facing new problems in a progressive spirit, he speaks of refusing to allow his sympathy with the objects aimed at to blind his judgment as to the practical value of specified proposals. He met the electors of the division on Wednesday, and referring to what is the burning question of the day in Scotland, declared that he would not pledge himself to vote for the Disestablishment of the Kirk. It is understood that Mr. Goschen will receive the support of the Conservatives of the division against a Radical candidate who has been started to oppose him.

SPEAKING IN SUPPORT OF PROFESSOR BEESLY'S CANDIDATURE for one of the divisions of Westminster, Mr. John Morley recommended to the old Whigs as an example for imitation the great Whig who once represented Westminster, the bold, courageous, and far-sighted Fox. He, Mr. Morley said, was not one of those who fumbled with the drag. On the contrary, he mounted on the box, and was the charioteer of progress.

MR. PARNELL made a somewhat important speech on Monday at Wicklow, at the first of a series of conventions to nominate Nationalistic candidates. He dealt with Mr. Gladstone's recent promise to consider the Nationalist demands, provided they did not involve the separation of Ireland from England, and Mr. Chamberlain's declaration that he could not consent to allow an Irish Legislative body to impose protective duties on English manufactures. In regard to the first of these points, Mr. Parnell said that guarantees against the separation of Ireland from England were inadmissible, but that if Ireland were allowed self-government the Irish would probably be as contented to preserve the connection with England as are our great self-governing Colonies. Protection for struggling Irish industries was indispensable, but he did not think that it would be needed for more than a few years, which would be sufficient to build up those comparatively few industries in which Ireland is adapted by her circumstances to excel.

AT A MEETING of representatives of workmen's clubs and other labour organisations, held in London on Monday, the initiative was taken in a movement for the presentation of a workman's tribute to Mr. Gladstone. In a circular issued by the President of the Organising Committee a new adjective was added to the language. To speak of his "genius" as "multifarious" was not enough for this enthusiastic admirer of the ex-Premier, who described it as "omnifarious."

A LARGE NUMBER of employes of extensive drapery and other firms in the metropolis have again this week been refused by Revising Barristers the votes which they expected from the Service Franchise. Previous similar interpretations of the letter of the law have led to the formation of a Service Franchise Reform Association at a public meeting on Saturday, presided over by the Lord Mayor, and attended by Liberal and Conservative M.P.'s.

THERE WAS A GREAT DEMONSTRATION in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, on Monday, followed by a banquet on Tuesday, to celebrate the passing of the Manchester and Liverpool Ship Canal Bill. The chairman predicted that before the Canal had been opened a year it would be paying 6 per cent. Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., made the reassuring remark that the Canal could not injure, but might increase, the prosperity of Liverpool.

THE ANNUAL CONGRESS of Railway Servants has been holding its meeting this week at Leicester, under the presidency of Mr. MacIver, M.P., who in his inaugural address dwelt on the evils of overwork on railways, saying that an ordinary week's work on them averaged from sixty to seventy hours, as against a maximum of fifty-four in factories. A second Lord Shaftesbury, he added, was much needed to do for railway men what had been done for factory workers.

THE IRISH EXECUTIVE is at last taking some steps for the repression of Boycotting. Some scores of prosecutions have been instituted, and the police have been instructed to ask for the deprivation of licenses in the case of publicans who refuse to serve victims of Boycotting, their applications to that effect being here and there successful. Special detectives have been sent to Clare and other counties to collect evidence to be used in the prevention of Boycotters; but in the meantime the system continues in full vigour. Mrs. Morgan O'Connell and her household are still refused by the traders of her district the necessities of life, because, as guardian of her only son, a youth of fourteen, and a ward of Chancery, she will concede only 15 per cent. in abatement of the rents of his tenants, who ask for a 25 per cent. reduction. Yet this lady is not only the widow of a nephew of the Liberator, but the daughter of the late Charles Bianconi, who did so much for Ireland by the establishment of his famous cars.

DEATHS.—In his eighty-third year, the Earl of Erne, since 1845 a representative peer of Ireland, and a staunch Conservative, the owner of extensive estates in Fermanagh and in the west of Ireland, a resident landlord who exerted himself in every way to promote the welfare of his tenantry, and was generally respected. He is succeeded by his son, Viscount Crichton, M.P. for Fermanagh.—Sir John Glover, Governor of Newfoundland, formerly Administrator at Lagos, Special British Commissioner on the Gold Coast, and Governor of the Leeward Islands, who entered the Navy in 1851.—In her seventy-eighth year, Mrs. Le Breton, niece of Lucy Aikin, and granddaughter of Gilbert Wakefield, the biographer of her aunt, Mrs. Barbauld, and author of "Memories of Seventy Years," containing personal reminiscences of a number of celebrities, among them Coleridge, Rogers, and Malthus.—In his sixty-eighth year, Mr. W. M. Rigden, who was famous as a breeder of Southdown sheep, but retired from farming some years ago.—Mr. Everton Sainsbury, a promising artist, died last week at Aldeburgh of typhoid fever, in his thirty-seventh year. He was the son of the manufacturer of aerated waters in the Strand, and three of his pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition last year attracted some attention.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION

THERE is a marked improvement in many respects in this year's Exhibition of the Photographic Society, now being held at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Much more care and taste is shown in the selection and treatment of both landscape and figure subjects, and pains are now manifestly taken to make a photograph not merely a crude and hard production of a scene, but to invest it, as far as possible, with some artistic feeling. Thus there is a great increase in what may be called photographic pictures—figure compositions, and a praiseworthy improvement in the treatment of the figures depicted. Not that there is anything artistically equal to the Pompeian studies at the recent Amateur Exhibition, and in some cases the figures still look like tailors' models tricked out in theatrical garments. As an instance of this we may quote Mr. Ralph W. Robinson's "Twixt Cup and Lip," and "Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John?"—a great contrast to them being Mr. H. P. Robinson's "The Valentine," and "Dawn and Sunset"—both most admirable pictures of cottage life, and the former of which has been deservedly awarded a medal. Two other capital cottage interiors are sent by Mr. John Terras and Mr. W. N. Malby; while Mr. Adam Diston exhibits a quaint study of a Sweep. Of land and water-scapes there are some really charming examples, Mr. J. P. Gibson sending good views of the North Tyne, Mr. P. H. Emerson of the Norfolk Broads, the School of Military Engineering some really admirable photographs of Tintern Abbey; while foreign countries are represented by the Swiss views of Mr. F. Beasley, jun., whose "Glacier and Ice Cave" are particularly worthy of praise, the New Zealand views by Mr. Montague Copeland, the fine architectural studies in Athens by Mr. W. J. Stillman, the American views of Mr. John E. Dumont, the Breton jottings of Mr. Kenric B. Murray, and the interesting collection of South African views and hunting scenes by Mr. Lulu Farini—whose name in days gone by was connected with performances of a totally different character. The collection of foreign views, indeed, is far more varied than usual; but, considering the number of amateur and other photographers in all parts of the world, and that many tourists nowadays travel with a camera, it is surprising that the exhibits are not still more varied. Some yacht photographs, by Mr. W. Symonds, should not be passed over; the sheen on the sails of one vessel is particularly worthy of notice. Of good interiors there is a singular paucity considering the wealth of architecture in this country. Some of the best are some monuments of Westminster Abbey, by Mr. Matthew Whiting; but even these are more historically interesting than picturesque.

There is a commendable decrease in the stereotyped professional photographic portraits, and the orthodox hard-featured likeness is rapidly making way for the more picturesque unconventional portrait—in the style of which Mr. Valentine Blanchard has so long endeavoured to work reform. Foremost amongst the examples in the present exhibition are some wonderfully graceful portraits by Mr. J. Lafayette, whose "Mrs. Scroope Bernard and Child" should serve as a model to all portrait photographers. Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn also sends some gracefully posed portraits, while several admirably composed figure studies are contributed by Messrs. Mavins and Vivash. One of the best portraits is an untouched photograph of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., by H. H. H. Cameron.

Of instantaneous studies there are some good views of a playground, "Schoolboy Life," by Mr. Charles Wyrall, and some amusing dog studies by Mr. A. Lugardon; of flower studies a splendid photograph—the best we think we have ever seen—is that by Mr. Henry Stevens; but of scientific photographs there are very few, the most noteworthy being the enlarged tongue of a blowfly, by Mr. Mansell J. Swift. Of enlargements there are some very good specimens, noteworthy a view of Richmond Bridge, by Morgan and Kidd. There are also numerous exceedingly good prints from the new paper negatives, which practical photographers think will eventually supersede glass—at least for the tourist. The show of apparatus is seemingly good, but as usual it is crowded together upon a table, in no way classified, and with no descriptive labels attached. In this manner the collection, however good it may be, is absolutely useless, and the sight of visitors hopelessly handling shutters, changing-boxes, and cameras of complicated construction ought to induce the Society to induce some method into this department of their Annual Exhibition.



"TANNERGRAM" is the familiar title given to the new sixpenny telegram.

THE GEOLOGICAL CONGRESS in Berlin has now closed, and the next meeting will be in England in 1888.

ANOTHER NEW MINOR PLANET has been discovered by the Viennese Professor Palisa. Thus 251 of these bodies are now known.

THE LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD will soon be owned by the Greenwich Observatory. A 28-inch diameter refractor is being prepared for the Observatory.

LOYAL EUROPEANS IN SIMLA were recently terribly distressed by a report that the Queen was suffering from hydrophobia. Ultimately it turned out that a careless telegraph clerk had confounded the word "M'Queen" for "Queen" and "Hyderabad" for "hydrophobia."

THE COMING FRANCO-DANISH WEDDING excites the greatest interest among Gallic ladies, who are now dying to inspect the Princess Marie of Orleans' trousseau. At the signing of the contract the Princess is to wear the traditional pink—an ethereal toilette of satin and "silver barège," ornamented with knots of plush and gauze striped ribbons.

A FINE YOUNG CHIMPANZEE from the Congo has just been brought to the Paris Jardin des Plantes. Bobo is about fourteen months old, and as these creatures are not full grown until quite eight or nine years of age, she is still a baby, very lively and rather wild. She was taken from her mother, who had been shot by some hunters, and on her voyage to France spent most of her time in the rigging with her inseparable companion, a young cat, which Bobo dandles in her arms like an infant.

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY was in excellent spirits at the late army manoeuvres in Wurtemberg, and said laughingly to a young Prince in the Red Uhlans one rainy morning: "If you and your comrades flatter yourselves that one field day will be stopped on my account, you are very much mistaken. I feel strong enough to go through two or three more for the mere pleasure of it." If the Emperor lives until March, 1887, he will then have been eighty years in the army—quite a unique event.

THE PETRIFIED HUMAN EYES FROM PERU, which we mentioned some weeks since as the latest Transatlantic ornament, seem rather dangerous novelties. Several workmen engaged in cutting and setting the eyeballs have been taken seriously ill, affected, it is believed, by the strong acids and poisons used in embalming the Incas, to whose bodies the eyes belonged. To fit the eyeball for use it is cut into four or five layers, which are well polished. The eye is as soft as an onion, and resembles iridescent glass.

IMPORTANT LETTERS in the United States can now be delivered with unusual rapidity, owing to a new service introduced on October 1st. In all cities and towns containing a population over 4,000, a distinct corps of messenger boys are kept at the post-office to immediately carry out any letters which may bear a "special delivery stamp" in addition to the usual postage. This stamp costs ten cents (about 5d.), and represents a mail messenger boy running. Such letters are despatched directly the mail bag is opened, before the ordinary correspondence is sent out.

THE EARLY WINTER which has affected England has been very severely felt in Switzerland. Only once before during this century—in 1826—have the herds been obliged to leave the Alpine pastures so early on account of the heavy snow, which has injured the fruit trees, broken the telegraph wires, and completely blocked the Splügen route. Round Lausanne swallows are lying in numbers, frozen to death. Floods have added to the distress, especially in the Tyrol and in the Rhine Valley on the borders of the Boden See, where St. Margarethen has been completely flooded, and all the crops destroyed.

A DANISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION has just returned after over two years' absence. The explorers under Captain Holm thoroughly investigated the east coast of Greenland, and penetrated 40 miles further north than Professor Nordenskjöld in his expedition of 1883—i.e. to lat. 66°08 deg. N., christening this district "Christian IX. Land." No mishaps occurred during the voyage, and all the members are in capital health. Captain Holm could find no early Scandinavian remains on the eastern shores, but brings home an interesting collection of photographs, and geological and natural history specimens.

ELECTORAL MANIFESTOES have completely papered the walls of Paris during the last week or two, and the night before the voting on Sunday passers-by were greatly amused by watching the files of bill-stickers at work. As fast as the bill-sticker of one party had pasted up his placard and passed on to another corner, up came the official of another political party, and stuck his manifesto on the top of his rival's bill, as yet not even dry. Some of the parties sent out 260,000 bills, and adding to this the electoral bulletins, &c., the advertising alone has cost each candidate from 120l. to 160l. A copy of every electoral manifesto is kept at the Home Ministry, which possesses a complete collection ever since 1830.

ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURES, which are only too common and troublesome in this hasty letter-writing age, have come under the ban of irritable Prince Bismarck. The German Chancellor has issued a decree warning all public officials in general to write distinctly, declaring that he shall reprove each personally if the offence be repeated. "A legible signature," says the Prince, "is not only demanded as an official duty, but as an act of common courtesy. Many gentlemen who address official documents to me attach names of a kind which may to them appear equivalent to a signature, but which are unintelligible to others. I insist that every public officer shall so write his name that it can not only be deciphered, but plainly read at the first glance."

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,251 deaths were registered, against 1,081 during the previous seven days, a rise of 170, being 160 below the average, and at the rate of 16'0 per 1,000. There were 5 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 2), 20 from measles (a rise of 5), 14 from scarlet fever (a decline of 2), 24 from diphtheria (an increase of 6), 22 from whooping-cough (a fall of 4), 16 from enteric fever (a rise of 2), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, 42 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 from choleraic diarrhoea. The number of small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals last Saturday was 131, against 153 the previous week. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs were 205, a rise of 46, and were 13 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 45 deaths, 35 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 13 from fractures, 2 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 10 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,516 births registered against 2,438 the previous week, being 157 below the average. The coldest day was Tuesday, 27th ult., when the mean temperature was only 40'5 deg. Rain fell on six days of the week to the aggregate amount of 0'52 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 16'6 hours, against 28'7 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

FÊTE AT BLACKPOOL

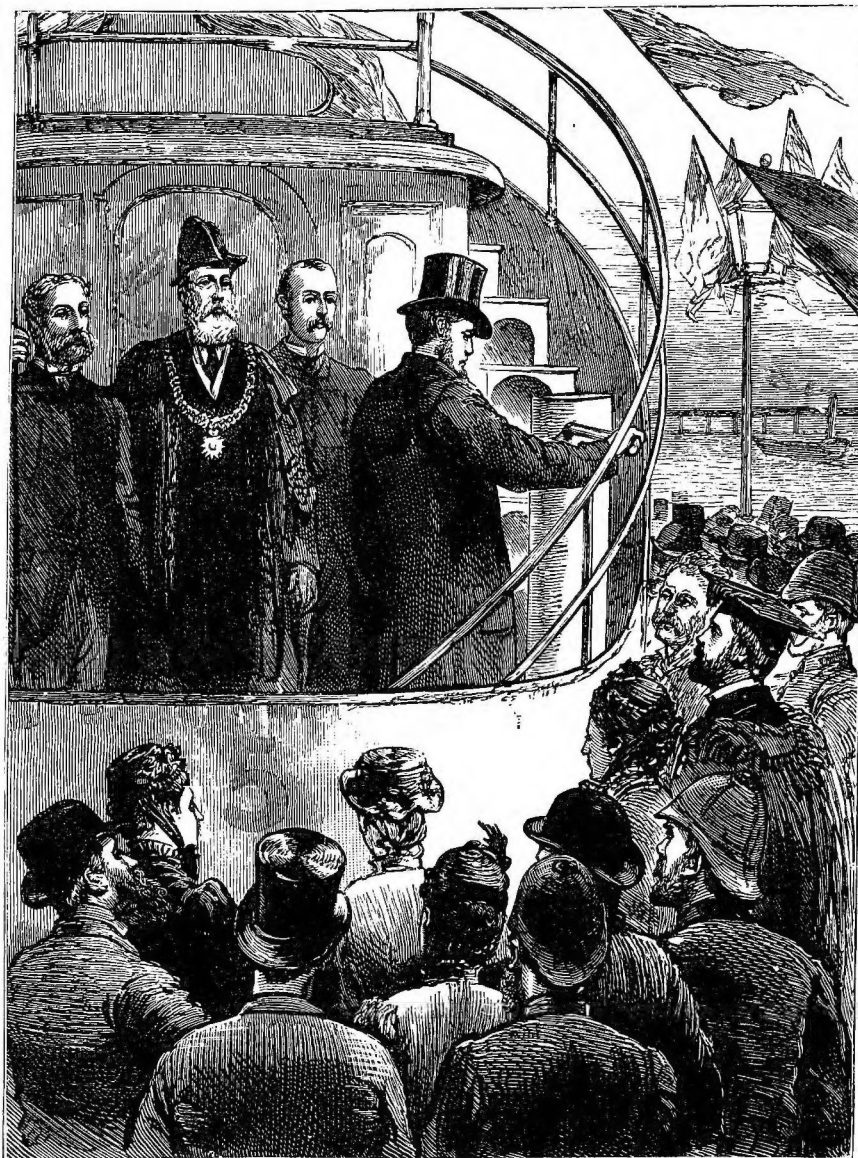
AN interesting celebration took place on Tuesday, September 29th, at Blackpool, that favourite Lancashire watering-place. The main features of the programme were the launching of a lifeboat, and the opening of an electric tramway.

The life-boat came into existence in this way. A Manchester pawnbroker named Samuel Fletcher died intestate, and his estate reverted to the Crown. But as, before his death, he had expressed a wish to endow a lifeboat, a sum sufficient for that purpose was ordered by Her Majesty to be placed at the disposal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and a first-class lifeboat was built. This was sent to the Blackpool station, where it displaces the *Robert Williams*, which, during its twenty-one years of service on the coast, has been instrumental in saving a very large number of lives.

The Electric Street Tramway is two miles long, and extends along the whole length of the foreshore promenade. It has been constructed according to the plans of Mr. Holroyd Smith, electrical engineer. By his system an underground channel is placed in the centre of the track. Its surface consists of street troughing filled with wooden paving blocks, and forms a good roadway. The sides of the channel are partially formed of creosoted wood, holding porcelain insulators, which carry electric conductors.

The positive electricity passes along these conductors, the return is made by means of the rails, which are electrically connected one with the other. To generate the electricity, a prime mover drives a dynamo, and these dynamos are so made that they produce just the amount of electric energy required, and no more. The generators fixed at the Blackpool engine-shed are capable of driving ten loaded cars—sufficient to carry 400 passengers.

The day of the celebration was remarkably fine. The procession included various local bodies, and the Mayors and Mayoresses of a number of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other adjacent towns. The tramway was opened by Alderman R. Horsfall of Halifax. Instructed by Mr. Holroyd Smith, he set the electric current in motion, and



THE MAYOR OF MANCHESTER TURNING THE HANDLE OF THE ELECTRIC TRAMWAY

caused the car to move a few yards for ward.

Then followed the launching of four lifeboats, which proved a very interesting spectacle. These boats were the Lytham and St. Anne's boats, the *Robert Williams* (the old Blackpool lifeboat) and the *Samuel Fletcher*, the new boat which was formally presented by Lieut. Tipping, on behalf of the Queen. The Mayor of Liverpool, before breaking the bottle of wine over the new boat's bows, referred to the history and work of the National Life Boat Institution. Last year eighteen vessels were saved and 633 persons rescued from drowning by the aid of the Society's boats. The *Samuel Fletcher*, which floated the Royal Standard, was then released from the hulks, and glided gracefully into the water.

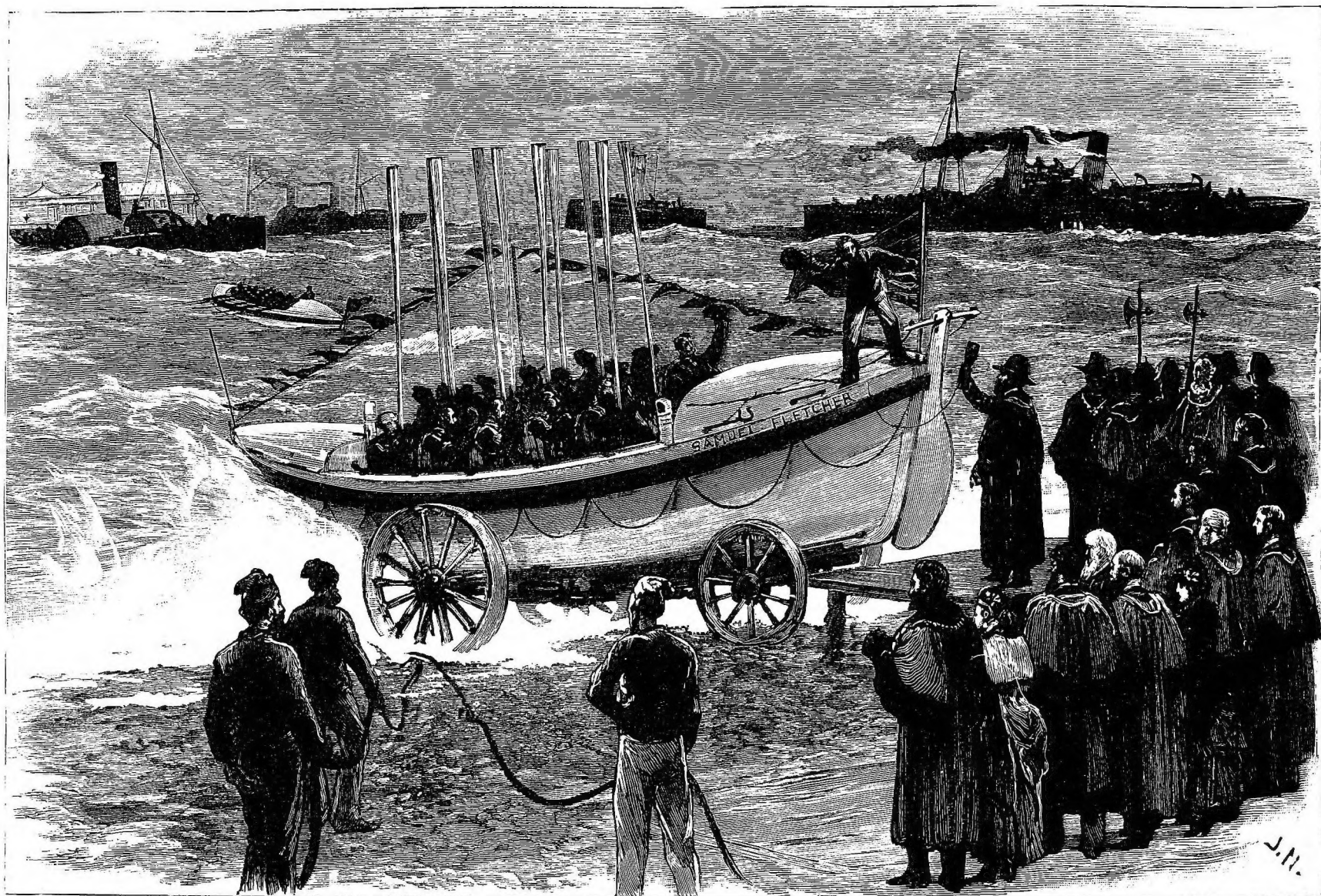
The procession was then re-formed, and, preceded by a train driven by the Mayor of Manchester, returned to Talbot Square. Later in the afternoon the Mayor of Blackpool entertained a number of guests in the Borough Hall, and in the evening the town was illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks from the piers.

THE "V.C." RACE

THIS contest, which took place at the Royal Artillery Sports on September 9th, was the first of its kind run in England. It is both interesting and instructive, inasmuch as it teaches a very important lesson in the grisly game of war, namely, the art of rescuing wounded men during a hot fire from the enemy.

The competitors, who are mounted, and carry six-chambered revolvers loaded with blank cartridges, ride over two flights of hurdles into the zereba, dismount, and fire their revolvers, then each lifts on to his horse one of the dummies which represent wounded men (and which are filled with sand to give them the proper weight), then he remounts, and rides back over the hurdles to the starting-point.

The zereba is formed by a double fence and brushwood; in the space within the fences are men with carbines, who keep up a continual fire during the race. These men are not visible in the drawing, as they are hidden by the fence.



THE LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT



A "V.C." RACE AT THE ROYAL ARTILLERY SPORTS, ALDERSHOT



THE situation in BULGARIA and EASTERN ROUMELIA remains practically the same. The Ambassadors of the Great Powers have met at Constantinople, but the exact result of their deliberations has not transpired, though it is generally believed that they are in favour of recognising Prince Alexander as Governor of Roumelia—the general constitution of the State and its relations to the Porte, however, being unchanged. With regard to the other Balkan States and Greece there is little disposition on the part of the Powers to accord to them any extension of territory on account of the action of Bulgaria, and Austria has already given a broad hint to King Milan that Serbia must not rely upon her countenance or assistance in an invasion of Old Serbia. Nevertheless, there is no apparent diminution of military enthusiasm in that State, and the King was welcomed at Nisch by a tremendous popular ovation. His speech to the Skupstschina, however, was studiously moderate, and in a few words he asked for certain measures to be passed “which had been rendered necessary by the unexpected turn of events for the protection of our country and for the preservation of the interests of the Servian nation.” Poor King Milan is somewhat in a dilemma, as at first he was rather encouraged to arm than otherwise, while now he is told that his military preparations will have to go for naught. He has thus to choose between incurring the anger of the Powers or of his own subjects, who are far too excited to settle down quietly without something being at least attempted. Greece is closely watching Serbia, and is making every preparation to invade Macedonia if King Milan decides to cross the frontier. The Porte is naturally very uneasy at the attitude of these two States, and has drawn the attention of the Powers to their armaments. At the same time the Turks themselves are calling up their reserves, and preparing their fleet for eventualities, and a strong warlike feeling is springing up. It is calculated that the Sultan will be able to put an army 150,000 strong in the field in Europe should hostilities break out.

Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia are both wholly devoting themselves to military preparations. In Bulgaria the entire male population under forty-five years of age are under arms, while in Eastern Roumelia there is a Western Army quartered at Hermanli numbering 12,000 men, and an Eastern Army at Kazal Agatsch amounting to 10,000. Despite all the efforts of the Bulgarian Government and of the population, however, the troops are very badly armed, while the withdrawal of the Russian officers, and their replacement by young Bulgarians, however desirable from a patriotic point of view, does not tend to improve the discipline or the military efficiency of the forces. Qualified satisfaction has been expressed at the reception by the Czar of the Bulgarian Deputation. He first blamed the Prince's precipitancy, and then stated that he did not intend to take separate action from the other Powers, with whom he would endeavour to bring about a peaceful solution of the Bulgarian question. In fact, unless matters be precipitated by some untoward step on the part of Serbia or Greece, this peaceful solution is hoped for by all the Powers, and this confidence has been heightened by M. Tisza's declaration in the Hungarian Parliament, where he stated that Prince Alexander's action must be considered a flagrant breach of the Berlin Treaty, and that the Austro-Hungarian Government would strive “to restore matters in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, so far as was possible, to the position in which they stood before September 19th.” He also denied that the Government intended to annex Bosnia or Herzegovina or to seek any compensation for what had taken, or might take place, asserting that Austria would pursue a policy of non-intervention, while at the same time not permitting any other State to intervene in Balkan affairs. This was evidently aimed at Russia, who by means of intrigue both in Bulgaria and at Constantinople is striving her utmost to regain some of her lost influence with the Balkan population. Indeed, it is said that in a despatch from M. Giers to Prince Alexander, the latter declares the Czar's intention to establish a “strong Government” in Bulgaria. According to a telegram from Vienna, however, proclamations have been posted in Philippopolis announcing that the Porte has recognised in principle the union of the two countries under Prince Alexander.

The elections in FRANCE have resulted in a heavy and unexpected defeat for the Republicans, and a noteworthy victory for the Reactionaries, as the combined Monarchical and Bonapartist parties are termed. In the last Parliament they only mustered eighty seats, they have now 187, and, when the second ballots have been held will probably obtain 200. The number of Republicans already elected are 146, in addition to those elected for Paris. There are 202 supplementary elections to be held on Sunday week in constituencies where no candidate secured the legal majority of votes, and these are generally reckoned to be fairly secured to the Republicans, as it is expected that the Radicals and Moderates, in the face of the common enemy, will amalgamate their lists of candidates, instead of presenting half-a-dozen, put forth by as many Republican factions. The final distribution of parties in the Chamber has been calculated as follows: 230 Moderates, 150 Radicals, and 200 Reactionaries—the last-named consisting of 140 Monarchists and 60 Bonapartists. The great success of the Reactionaries has caused considerable astonishment in Republican circles. The Radicals assign the cause to M. Jules Ferry and his colonial adventures—the country having been horrified at the loss of life in Tonkin, while the Moderates assert that the Extreme party are to blame for their violent and iconoclastic theories, as also for the number of lists of candidates put forth to the utter bewilderment of the electors. The Reactionaries themselves adopt both these views, and add to them the recent anti-clerical policy which has alarmed and irritated the religious ideas and traditions of the great mass of French families. There is also another reason which is not put forward by any party, but which is patent to any close and shrewd observer of France during the past few years. The Extreme Radicals have been violently declaiming against capitalists and employers of labour, and denouncing them in much the same terms as those which the Reds of the past century used against the landowners. Not merely the large capitalists and employers, but the humbler traders are held up as fair spoil for the proletariat. This course has undoubtedly alarmed the great bourgeoisie class, who would be the chief sufferers in the anticipated crusade, and who, moreover, are already irritated at the depression of trade, which, Frenchman-like, they lay upon the shoulders of the existing Government.

Meanwhile, the result of the elections is already being felt. MM. Hervé-Mangon and Pierre Legrand, the Ministers of Agriculture and Commerce, having been unseated by their constituencies, have resigned, while their colleagues of Public Instruction and Finance, MM. Goblet and Sadi-Carnot, will follow their example if they fare no better in the second balloting of Sunday week. As also M. Grévy's term of power is rapidly drawing to a close, the question of his successor, should he not be re-elected, is assuming a serious aspect. Until now M. Brisson was considered to have the best chance, but the virtual condemnation of his policy by the country has almost put him out of the field. All the Republican journals recognise the gravity of the situation, and readily admit, in

the words of the *République Française*, that the presence in the Chamber of “a hundred and eighty sworn enemies of Republican institutions”—more than one-third of the votes—constitutes a very serious Parliamentary danger. In Paris the anger of the Radicals has been extreme, and there have been some riotous demonstrations before the office of the *Gaulois*, which was illuminated in honour of the Reactionary victory, the “Marseillaise” being vigorously sung, and tri-coloured flags paraded by the crowd.

The dispute between GERMANY and SPAIN is being carefully investigated by the Committee of Cardinals at the Vatican, and some important documents bearing on the question are stated to have been discovered in the archives. The Pope, in addition to the Ecclesiastical Committee, is taking advice of three distinguished jurists—members of the Roman Bar. In Spain itself the King, who has been suffering from a bad feverish attack, is now better. The political situation remains as undecided as ever, and Señor Canovas is now distinguishing himself by a crusade against the English. Last week he ordered three correspondents of English journals to be expelled from Madrid, but altered his mind after a day's consideration, and while he has been compelled to abandon his notion of taxing the British Embassy, he has offered no apology for the recent outrage. The cholera is decreasing; the number of cases on Tuesday were 244, and the deaths being 105.

There is little from INDIA this week, beyond further reports of the damage done by the recent cyclone and storm wave in Bengal—the latter being estimated to be 27 ft. high. Pertap Singh, the eldest son of the late Maharajah of Cashmere, has now definitively assumed the reins of Government. In a Durbar the new Maharajah expressed his thanks to the Viceroy for recognising his succession—and declared that he would be ready to give substantial proof of unswerving and devoted loyalty to the British Government when necessity should arise “by placing all the resources of the country at the disposal of the Viceroy, and personally joining the British army with my whole military force.” In Afghanistan the fortifications of Herat are being vigorously pushed forward under Major Holdich's superintendence. Colonel Kuhlberg and his Staff are expected to meet their colleagues of the British Boundary Commission on the Afghan Frontier on the 28th inst.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from ITALY that the cholera is decreasing in Palermo, whence, however, come the most heartrending accounts of the misery caused by the epidemic and by the superstition of the Sicilians.—In DENMARK the Rigsdag has been opened by the Prime Minister, Herr Estrup. The Left absented itself. The Budget shows a deficit, but as the accounts for the past few years have produced a surplus, a considerable sum is still in hand.—In EGYPT Ras Aolola and his Abyssinian force encountered and defeated Osman Digma and his Hadendowa army at Kufit, on September 23rd. The rebels lost 3,000 men and Osman Digma was killed. The fighting was most severe, and Ras Aolola had a horse killed under him.—In the UNITED STATES there has been a serious financial failure, that of Messrs. William Heath and Co., whose liabilities are thought to amount to nearly a million sterling.—In CANADA Sir John Macdonald is credited with expressing a most serious opinion with regard to the decision of the Privy Council on Riel's appeal, which is still pending. He writes to a friend, “If the French Canadians carry out their threat of rebellion if Riel is hanged, the English-speaking people of the Dominion must meet them in arms. If there must be a war of races no time could be better than the present.”—In NEW SOUTH WALES the Stuart Ministry has resigned, and the Hon. G. R. Dibbs has formed a new Cabinet. The Assembly has been dissolved.



THE QUEEN will remain in Scotland about six weeks longer. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are still visiting Her Majesty at Balmoral, but the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse has left on his return to Germany, after enjoying good sport in the deer-forests with the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The weather has been wet and windy, and prevented the Queen from making any long excursions until Monday, when Her Majesty, with the Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry, pic-nicked in Glen Eye, and visited the curious cave known as the Black Colonel's Bed. The Duchess of Albany and Princess Frederica and her husband frequently join the Royal party at dinner, and the other guests have been Sir R. and Lady Collins, Mr. W. H. Smith, and the Rev. Archibald Campbell, the last-named having officiated at Divine Service on Sunday before the Queen and Royal Family. It is proposed to ask Her Majesty to review the Volunteers in Hyde Park next year in commemoration of the jubilee of her reign.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Pesth on Saturday evening from visiting Count Festetics, and took up his quarters with Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador to England. Travelling in strict incognito as the Earl of Chester, the Prince has been able to stroll about Pesth unattended, and to privately inspect the Hungarian National Exhibition; but on Monday he paid a formal visit to the Exhibition, being received by the Premier, M. Tisza. Afterwards he inspected the Horse Show, and in the afternoon again went to the Exhibition with Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, the building being illuminated in his honour. On Tuesday he attended the races, while in the evening he dined with the National Club, and, notwithstanding his incognito, is being considerably fêted by the Hungarian aristocracy. During his stay with Count Festetics in the country, the Prince visited many of the peasants' cottages, and witnessed a rural festival, when the peasants danced their national czardas. He thoroughly explored the neighbourhood, where he had excellent sport, forty-two foxes falling to the shooting party. The Prince shortly joins the Princess in France for Prince Waldemar's wedding, the Princess and the Danish Royal Family intending to leave Copenhagen for Eu on the 19th prox. Possibly the Czarina may be present at her brother's marriage, and Prince George of Wales is also going there, after completing his gunnery course at Portsmouth. The Prince was entertained by his brother officers at a farewell banquet on board the *Excellent* on Monday night, and left Portsmouth on Wednesday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have concluded their visit to the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and spent a few hours at Berlin on Sunday on their way to Coburg.—The Duchess of Albany at the end of last week presented at Ballater new colours to the Seaforth Highlanders, the regiment with which her husband had been connected. Together with Princess Frederica and Baron von Pawel-Rammigen, the Duchess made an excursion to the Falls of Quich, and took tea with the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge.—The Empress of Austria has gone on a private trip to the Levant.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY OF ROMAN PAVEMENT has been made at Leicester, near the supposed dwelling of the early Roman Governor. The pavement is well preserved and the mosaic pattern distinct; while, contrary to all previous similar discoveries at Leicester, it lies considerably below the level of the river.



THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT PORTSMOUTH were opened on Tuesday with sermons on Disestablishment by the Bishops of Carlisle, Ripon, and Derry. The local welcome given to the Congress included the presentation of an address from Portsmouth Nonconformists, congratulating the members of the Church of England on their work of self-sacrifice in the ministrations of the Gospel, and on their great success in the cause of temperance, education, and social reform. The delivery of the Bishop of Winchester's opening address was followed by the reading of some interesting papers from members of the Revision Company on the Revised Old Testament. At the evening meeting the question of shortened and of supplementary services for special occasions, other than those provided for in the Occasional Services in the Prayer Book, was discussed, without any very definite result being arrived at. The proceedings of the Congress on Wednesday were interesting, but of a very miscellaneous kind, including a suggestive discussion on the responsibilities of the Church in regard to emigration.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE has been holding this week at Glasgow a successful Conference. During the past year 850 new members have been added to the roll, being the largest number ever registered in any one year.

THE CONGREGATIONAL AND BAPTIST UNIONS have also been holding their annual meetings this week, the former at Hanley, the latter at Swansea. In his opening address the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Liverpool, the President of the Congregational Union, spoke strongly in favour of Disestablishment, saying that there was no end to the greed of a Church made worldly by its union with the State. Services and meetings in connection with missionary enterprise have, as usual, been prominent in the proceedings of the Baptist Union. A largely-attended public missionary meeting was presided over by Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., and he congratulated the Baptist body on their increase in Wales, and said that although himself a Churchman, he did not know, from a spiritual point of view, what would have become of the increasing population of the Principality had it not been for the Nonconformists.

THE VENERABLE EARL GREY has become a subscriber to the funds of the Church Defence Institution.

IN VIEW OF THE GROWTH of the Disestablishment movement, Viscount Halifax, as President of the English Church Union, has addressed a circular to the officers of the Society, in which he suggests, among other considerations for the members of the Union, whether it is not the duty of such of them as are electors to refuse their votes to every candidate for Parliament who is not prepared “to repudiate any scheme for the spoliation of the Church.” On the other hand, Dr. Vaughan has come to the conclusion that nothing would be more disastrous in the result than making Disestablishment what he styles “a unanimous Liberal measure” by withdrawing from the Liberal ranks all who are against it. If the Master of the Temple says, Liberal Churchmen go over to Conservatism on this sole ground, they lose all their influence in preventing Liberationism from becoming synonymous with Liberalism. Writing on the attitude of Nonconformists towards current controversies, Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, says that though many Dissenters are not in favour of precipitating the settlement of the Disestablishment question, “Dissent means ultimate Disestablishment, or it means nothing.”

IN A LETTER elicited by a request that he would support the objects of the Church and State Guild, the Bishop of London expresses the opinion that the Guild lays too much stress on the recognition deserved by what is good in the theatre, and too little on the removal of what is evil in it. The Bishop believes the evil to be great, in particular in the ballet, which does grave mischief to many young men, and possibly to many young women.

THE LORD MAYOR, accompanied by the Sheriffs, attended the Harvest Festival Service, on Monday evening, at All Saints' Church, Mile End. After the thanksgiving hymns and prayers, Sir R. N. Fowler went into the pulpit, and delivered an appropriate address on the abundant harvest.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was held this week, when the report for the past year, the 186th of its existence, was presented. The grants made during the twelvemonth amounted to 47,312*l.*, the largest sum that had ever been voted during any one year.

CANON FARRAR, now on a tour in the United States, preached twice at Baltimore on Sunday, and on Monday delivered at Philadelphia his lecture on Dante. On all three occasions crowded audiences assembled to hear him.



OPENING OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.—An American Concert, the programme being formed of the compositions of Mr. S. G. Pratt of Chicago, will be given at the Crystal Palace this (Saturday) afternoon. Among other works will be the symphony entitled *The Prodigal Son*, in the *schizzo* of which, if American critics can be trusted, there is some musical illustration of the scrunching of the hucks that the swine did eat. It is also stated, with what truth remains to be seen, that the return of the prodigal to the ancestral home is a strategic movement in the fastest possible tempo. After this the Crystal Palace Concerts will commence in good earnest. They will be succeeded within a month by the opening of the following serial concerts, to wit: the Richter, the Novello Oratorio, the Royal Albert Hall, the Monday and Saturday Popular, the Sacred Harmonic, the Brinsmead Symphony, and the Boosey Ballad Concerts.

UNIFORM MUSICAL PITCH.—Sir George Macfarren's Committee formed to establish a uniform musical pitch has at its first rebuff collapsed. The Duke of Cambridge has very properly refused to sacrifice the whole of the military band reed instruments in the country, and the Committee therefore dissolved itself. This result was foreseen. The resolution adopting the *diapason normal* was carried at the St. James's Hall meeting by a very narrow majority. Twenty-one voted against it, and the resolution was objected to by nearly every practical musical instrument manufacturer present. Most of the great artists held aloof, while Madame Patey and many others strongly objected to the lower pitch, which is also disliked by nearly every instrumental performer in this country. The Austrian Government have now taken the matter up, and have invited the British Government to send delegates to Vienna to discuss the question. But the adoption of the lower pitch is almost impracticable. The alteration of the military band instruments alone would cost nearly 50,000*l.*, which would have to come out of the

pockets of the officers of regiments. Almost every concert hall organ in this country is in the higher pitch, and Mr. Thomas Hill, the eminent organ builder, declares that although the pitch of a pipe organ could be sharpened, he knows of no means by which it can be successfully flattened. The enormous cost of practically reconstructing almost every concert hall organ in the country may be imagined. Messrs. Boosey state that brass can be slightly lowered, but wood instruments cannot be altered to the French pitch without throwing them out of tune. Pianos, violins, &c., can of course be altered with ease, but the high pitch is uniformly established in all our best concert rooms, such as St. James's Hall, the Crystal Palace, and the Albert Hall. At the opera the pitch was lowered in 1878 in accordance with the all-powerful demands of the fashionable artists. But it was found impossible to retain the lower pitch. The orchestra came into conflict with the singers, the oboe, bassoon, and flutes could not be got to play properly with the altered pitch, and by the end of the same season of 1878 the pitch had risen at Her Majesty's from A 436 to A 445, and at the Royal Italian Opera to within six vibrations of the highest pitch. On every ground therefore the attempt to introduce the French *diapason normal* seems likely to fail. It is demanded only by a few who, we believe erroneously, fancy the lower pitch will tend to preserve the voices of artists. On the other hand it is discountenanced by a large number of performers, and whenever tried in this country it has hitherto failed. The cry for a uniform pitch would be justifiable if it were not for the fact that we already have a uniform pitch, viz.: 453 vibrations for the note A, the pitch fixed by Government twenty-five years ago for the Army bands, and since used in all symphonic and other orchestras.

Although the question of pitch seems complex, it is really simple enough. The figures, such as A 452, represent the total number of double or complete vibrations (viz., 452 vibrations), backwards and forwards, of the tuning-fork, made in each second by a particle of air when the note A is sounded. Modern inventions have enabled those vibrations to be counted with scientific accuracy. Of course, the greater number of vibrations the higher the note. The tendency of pitch has throughout the history of music always been to rise. In a spinet dated 1648, the pitch was only A 403. In the days of Handel and Mozart it was about A 423, and this was about the "original Philharmonic" pitch of 1813, that is to say, at the period that the genius of Beethoven had practically reached its height. Sir George Smart's fork, which was settled in 1828, after a consultation with the leading vocalists of that day, has a pitch of A 433. Sir Michael Costa raised the pitch still more, as he found the high pitch of A 452 increased the brilliancy of the violins. It has now gone a few vibrations higher to A 455, and this is about the pitch to which all grand pianos are usually tuned. The Steinway American pitch is, however, slightly higher. These pitches, it may be stated, are taken from the able and exhaustive paper, extending over about two hundred columns of print, read before the Society of Arts in 1880 by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, the English translator of Helmholtz.

The *diapason normal* was settled in 1859 by the Commission appointed by Napoleon III., and it is nominally 435 vibrations to the note A. This pitch has been adopted in Belgium. Italy has a still lower Government pitch, viz., A 429; Germany and Austria at present stand aloof, and the question of pitch in those countries will probably be settled by the Austrian Conference. In Russia the high pitch prevails, except at the Italian Opera.

It may be added that the difference in pitch between that of Beethoven's day and our own times is about a semitone, and it is this difference which makes it difficult for the choristers to attack the high notes in the last movement of the Choral Symphony. But, on the other hand, a vast quantity of modern music is written to the higher pitch. Even to the uneducated ear, the great difference in the pitches may be perceived in an ingenious set of three tuning forks made by Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons, and used by their staff to tune pianos to any pitch desired.

BERNHARD ULMANN.—The death is announced in Passy, near Paris, of M. B. Ulmann. To the vast majority of opera goers the very name of this gentleman will be unknown. Yet for many years he exercised enormous influence over Italian opera in this country. He was long the "Continental agent" of the Royal Italian Opera, firstly for the late Mr. F. Gye, and afterwards for his sons. It was his business to recommend and introduce new talent to the Opera, and through his intervention many of the great Covent Garden *prime donne* were brought to England. In early life he was the manager of the tours of Thalberg, the great pianist, and it was under the joint-management of Maurice Strakosch and Ulmann that Madame Adelina Patti made her first appearance in 1859.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti has commenced her brief provincial tour by concerts at Birmingham and Manchester.—Mr. J. H. Mapleson is expected to sail with his American troupe next week. The company is not so strong as usual in great names, and it includes Madame Hauck, Mlle. Fohstrom, Mlle. Litinoff, a Russian soprano; MM. Ravelli, del Puente, De Anna, and Giannini. *Manon* will be the chief novelty.—Antonin Dvorák's opera *Der Bauer als Schelm* will be produced at the Grand Opera, Vienna, next January.—Madame Krauss has resigned her long engagement at the Paris Opéra, and will, it is said, shortly appear in *Lohengrin* at the Opéra Comique.—M. Dannreuther's translation of Wagner's essay on conducting will be published in a few weeks.—Madame Marie Rôze has been presented with a bracelet of gold ornamented with diamonds and pearls by the Grand Master's Lodge of Freemasons.—Signor Piatti has been visited by the distinguished English surgeon, Mr. Marshall, who is of opinion that the great violoncellist will soon be able to resume his professional duties.—The Crown Prince of Germany has discovered an overture written by Frederick the Great. An orchestral version has recently been produced in Berlin.—Madame Albani will return from Scotland next week to fulfil her engagements.—Mr. Carl Rosa proposes shortly to produce an English version of Maillart's *Les Dragons de Villars* under the title *Falette*. This work was heard at the Gaiety a few years ago, and the music is of the lightest and brightest sort. The parts will be undertaken by Mesdames Rôze and Gaylord, Messrs. M'Guckin, Esmond, and Sauvage.



RURAL NOTES

THE PRICE OF SHEEP AND LAMBS has fallen this autumn so seriously that breeders are gravely discouraged, and increase in our flocks stands in danger of ceasing. That this should be so is very unfortunate, and the fall of prices itself seems very difficult to explain. Cheapness almost invariably is the result of excess of supply over demand, but the flocks of Great Britain are not too numerous, but too few. When a million sheep died of fluke one wet season something like a panic was created. Our flocks have now had a couple of consecutive good seasons, but their numbers are still greatly below the supporting powers of the land. The demand for mutton is large and regular, and at remunerative prices, yet the farmer and breeder only get prices which are unremunerative. The cost of distribution should not devour the producer's profit, and if it does the agricultural interest must suffer, and

through the agricultural interest the whole country. Over and beyond the natural difference of value lambs are now even cheaper than sheep, so that breeders apparently would do well to feed up their lambs, and let them grow into sheep.

CATTLE, although less depressed in value than our flocks, are selling by no means well. Fairly good-looking pedigree stock are, we are told on very good authority, bringing very little more than butcher value, while the secondary sorts of breeding stock are what is called "a drug in the market;" scarcely saleable at any price. Some good prices were obtained at a sale of a draft from the Ironllys Court herd of Herefords belonging to Mr. Jeffries Powell. These cattle, however, are very well bred, and the Hereford race is perhaps at the top of the tree as regards "saleability" just now. The price of beef in the ordinary meat market is low, and few breeders have made any profits on recent sales. That stock must be the mainstay of the agriculture of the future is a growing opinion, but stock-keeping in such a case will need to be encouraged by better prices than those which at present prevail.

MILK, too, as we hear, is not paying the farmer, though during the past few months cows have yielded better than the dry summer and scanty pastures might have led one to expect. Yet the demand for milk is still vastly in excess of the supply. The cost of distributing this article of farm produce appears to be not less than 100 per cent. in the most favourable cases, and in many towns it is 125 to 130 per cent. The poor consequently use much less milk than they—especially their children—need. Fourpence a quart is a price they cannot pay. In London good milk is now obtainable for threepence, but this is not so in most other towns. In the country we think the farmer might do a retail business if his wife and daughter were not above selling the milk in solitary quarts and gallons to ordinary consumers who would send to the farm for it. Good milk sold thus direct at threepence a quart would yield the farmer about threepence profit on the gallon, and the demand being regular and daily would supply a reliable item of income. In the long run milk and cheese should pay the farmer better than butter, which must always be, relatively speaking, a dear article, and a luxury.

COMMONS.—After all we have heard concerning encroachment on commons and their gradual disappearance, it is satisfactory to learn that within fifteen miles of Charing Cross there are still commons to the extent of 13,000 acres, and within twenty-five miles—an easy hour's railway travelling—30,000 acres. Nearly all these commons are now fully protected, and their boundaries absolutely fixed, so that no further encroachments are to be feared. Their purposes in the future will be those of health and recreation mainly; but in the past they afforded pasture to the ploughing oxen of the village, to the milch kine, to sheep, and to geese. The oak woods not unfrequently bordering them afforded pannage to swine, and the old English common must have been an animated scene during the early summer months before the corn was reaped or the meadow hay cut.

ALLOTMENTS.—It has been alleged that parish allotments are not really needed as encouragements, inasmuch as the same qualities of energy and thrift which will induce a man to take and work on an allotment will induce him to work in spare time, and lay by money in other ways. As a matter of fact, however, the allotment is seldom obtained at market value—it is more or less of a gift or a reward. A man who has lived ten years in the parish, or has worked for the same agriculturist a couple of years, or has in any other way become well known and respected in his village, may be rewarded with an allotment. With him the virtues have been antecedent, the allotment has not stimulated them. But with the other farm labourers of the vicinage the case is otherwise. The good hap of their mate is a stimulus to steadiness in each of them, even when the allotment is a favour from the squire or rector not absolutely to be reckoned for in another case. Where the gift of an allotment is assured, the stimulus is still greater. That the allotment system works well, and should be encouraged, is a conclusion to which we believe the majority of authorities on country matters have already come.

SIR JOHN BENNETT LAWES has just published his annual estimate of the British wheat harvest, to which he assigns an average yield of 29½ bushels to the acre, and of 61 lbs. to the bushel. The average of the "lean" period, 1875-84, was, according to the same authority, only 24 bushels, but previous decades showed averages of 27, 28, and nearly 29 bushels. Still, on whatever comparison we go, the yield of 1885 shows slightly above average. The peculiar feature of the crop of this season, says Sir John, is the large yield obtained from fields manured with farmyard dung as compared with the return from fields to which artificial manures have been applied: whereas on the average the latter yield best by two or three bushels to the acre, this year the former have yielded best by no less than seven bushels to the acre. The total yield is reckoned by Sir John Lawes at 9,421,017 qrs., and after deducting seed wants the amount estimated to be needed in the way of imports is put at 17,000,000 qrs. During the cereal year 1884-5 Sir John estimates our granary stocks of wheat to have been increased by over 1½ million qrs., so that apparently—he does not say so—the seventeen millions which he reckons to be wanted from abroad is in reality fifteen and a-half millions only.

THE LONDON DAIRY SHOW, Tuesday to Friday last, was notable for its well-filled classes, and especially for a display of butter in the most tasteful way yet seen in London, rivalling the best exhibits abroad. A painful interest was taken by crowds round the pen of a fine cow which, as we write this note, is in a dying state from milk fever.



THE DUDLEY GALLERY

THE members of the Dudley Gallery Art Society have chosen this year to confine their winter exhibition to their own productions. The collection is small, consisting only of 174 water-colour and pastel sketches; but the average quality of the work is not very much higher than in the more heterogeneous assemblages they have been accustomed to provide. As usual, the interest of the exhibition chiefly lies in the indications of ability to be found in the works of young and unknown artists. Besides many small sketches of unequal merit, Mr. F. Hines, whose name is new to us, contributes one of the most artistic and satisfactory things in the collection—a finished study of a riverside scene by twilight, entitled "Reeds." The warm glow of the setting sun on the river's bank and the shimmering moonlight beyond are very truthfully rendered. The drawing is rich and harmonious in colour and in excellent keeping. Artistic feeling and appreciative perception of natural beauty are also evident in Mr. N. E. Green's "Near Braemar," and in Mr. W. Rupert Stevens's expansive view, "Rodburch Hill, Surrey." This cannot rightly be characterised as a sketch or study, nor can Mr. Alfred Powell's carefully-studied and elaborate drawing, "Dartmoor." The President, Mr. Walter Severn, is represented by a large sketch of "Freshwater, Isle of Wight," and another of "Richmond Park," showing careful study of form, but harshly painted, and rather crude in colour. Mr. H. R. Robertson

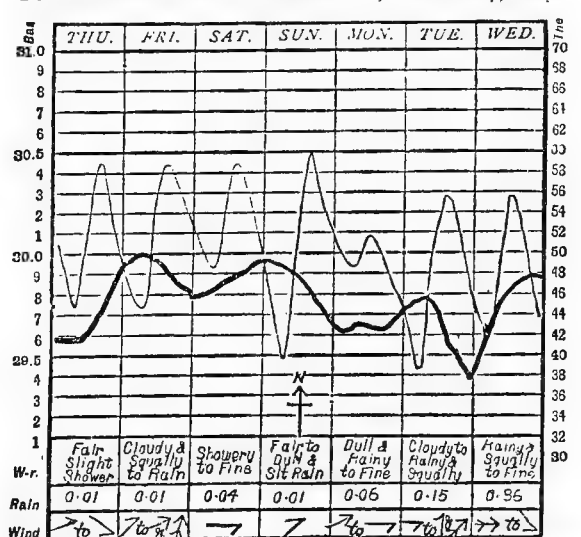
sends several fresh and forcible sea-coast studies, and a drawing of "An Old Brewery" on a river's bank, more finished than the rest, but not less suggestive of natural effect. Mr. A. W. Weedon has an excellent out-door study of "A Hayfield, near Southwold," strongly suggestive of air and movement, and in every way superior to his larger and more laboured drawing, "On the North Coast of Devon." Among other works deserving attention are some studies of Welsh mountain scenery, remarkable for their fulness of tone and breadth of style, as well as their fidelity to Nature, by Mr. J. Carlisle; and several dexterously-painted and effective little sketches of various subjects by Mr. R. Goff.

THE HANOVER GALLERY

MESSRS. HOLLENDER AND CREMETTI have again opened the Gallery at the corner of Maddox Street and New Bond Street with a varied collection of foreign pictures, those of the French and Belgian Schools largely predominating. Very few of them are of recent date, and several, including some of the best, are by deceased painters. Among these are two charcoal drawings by J. F. Millet, the larger, a composition of two figures, "The Seamstresses," being an admirable example of his work, noteworthy for its masterly treatment of light and shade as well as for its truth of character. Corot, Diaz, and C. F. Daubigny are represented by small but characteristic works, and the iconoclast Courbet by a large and forcibly painted "Rocky Landscape," one of the best things of the kind that he produced. None of these is likely to be regarded with so much interest as two recently-finished pictures by M. Meissonier. The more important of them, "Le Postillon," represents two white post-horses wearily tramping along a sluggish river's bank, while the aged postilion mounted on one of them is lighting his pipe. Although the subject affords no scope for the display of the painter's rare dramatic and expressive power, and although the handling is not quite so firm and vigorous as in the works of his best period, the picture will repay close examination. The man is an admirable study of character, and the horses are true in action, well designed, and modelled with fastidious completeness. M. Meissonier's second work is a splendidly-painted little water-colour portrait of himself. With his long white flowing beard, clad in loose blue robe, and seated in thoughtful attitude, the painter presents a dignified and venerable appearance. Though of miniature size, the drawing is large in style and very masterly. The Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, is represented by a picture entitled "Autumn," vigorously painted, but over-black in the shadows and rather opaque. It suffers by comparison with the large and luminous "Landscape," by Heymans. The value of this work is greatly enhanced by the cattle in the foreground introduced by De Haas. They are capably painted, and in perfect keeping with the scene they inhabit. There is a great deal of cleverness in a life-size figure of "A Danseuse," by F. E. Bertier, but the colour is weak, and it wants the strength and solidity of effect proper to work on so large a scale. By C. Roybet there is an admirable little study of "A Gentleman of the Fifteenth Century;" and by a less known painter, Friedrichler, of Munich, a small picture, "The Horse Fair." Besides being full of animation and dexterously handled, this is distinguished by refined beauty of colour, a quality rarely seen in works of the Bavarian school.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

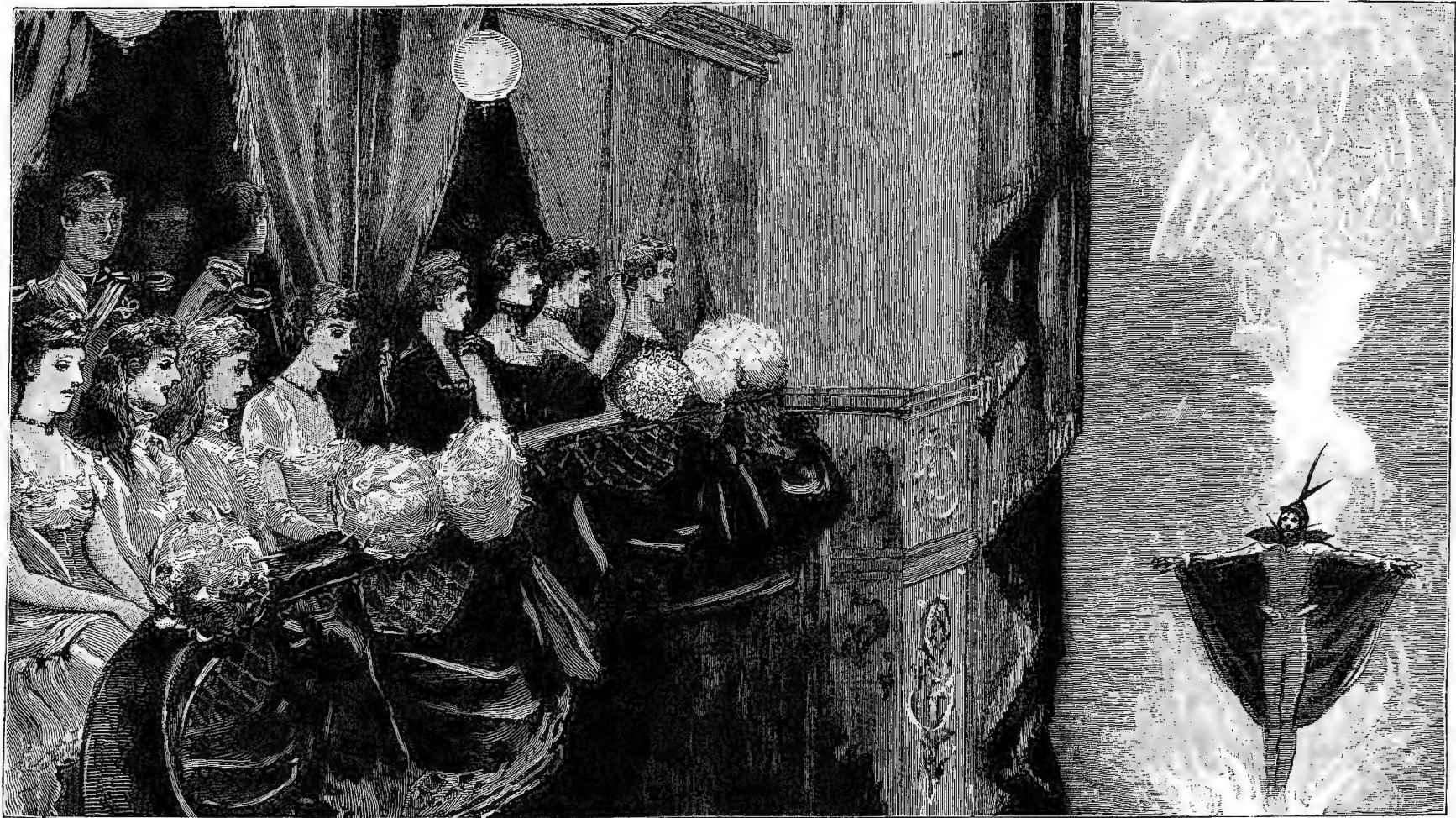
REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been in an unsettled and rainy condition generally. At the opening of the period (Thursday) a depression was passing away North-Eastwards outside our extreme Northern Coasts, and while high quality North-Westerly winds and passing showers were experienced over our North-Western and South-Western Coasts, fair weather prevailed elsewhere. As this disturbance moved away to the Continent, it was followed by another of some depth, which skirted our North-Western Coasts in a North-Easterly direction. This caused a brisk fall of the barometer, and South-Westerly gales and rain in nearly all parts of the country. In its rear a temporary improvement in the weather was shown over Great Britain, but rough winds and unsettled weather continued to hold in the West. During Sunday another depression approached our Northern Shores from the Atlantic, and produced gales in Scotland from the Southward, and over the Channel from the South-Westward, with rain in all parts of the United Kingdom. In the course of Monday and Tuesday this disturbance moved away Eastwards and Northwards, but during the afternoon of the latter day a well-defined depression appeared over the North of Ireland, and passing rapidly across the country was found over Germany by Wednesday morning. As it approached the mercury descended rapidly (see accompanying diagram), and heavy rain fell at most of the English Stations with Southerly or South-Westerly gales in the Channel and over the South of Ireland. In its rear the barometer rose, and fine weather was experienced in nearly all parts of our Islands. Temperature has been below the average generally.

The barometer was highest (30.0 inches) on Friday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.40 inches) on Tuesday (6th inst.); range 0.6 inches.

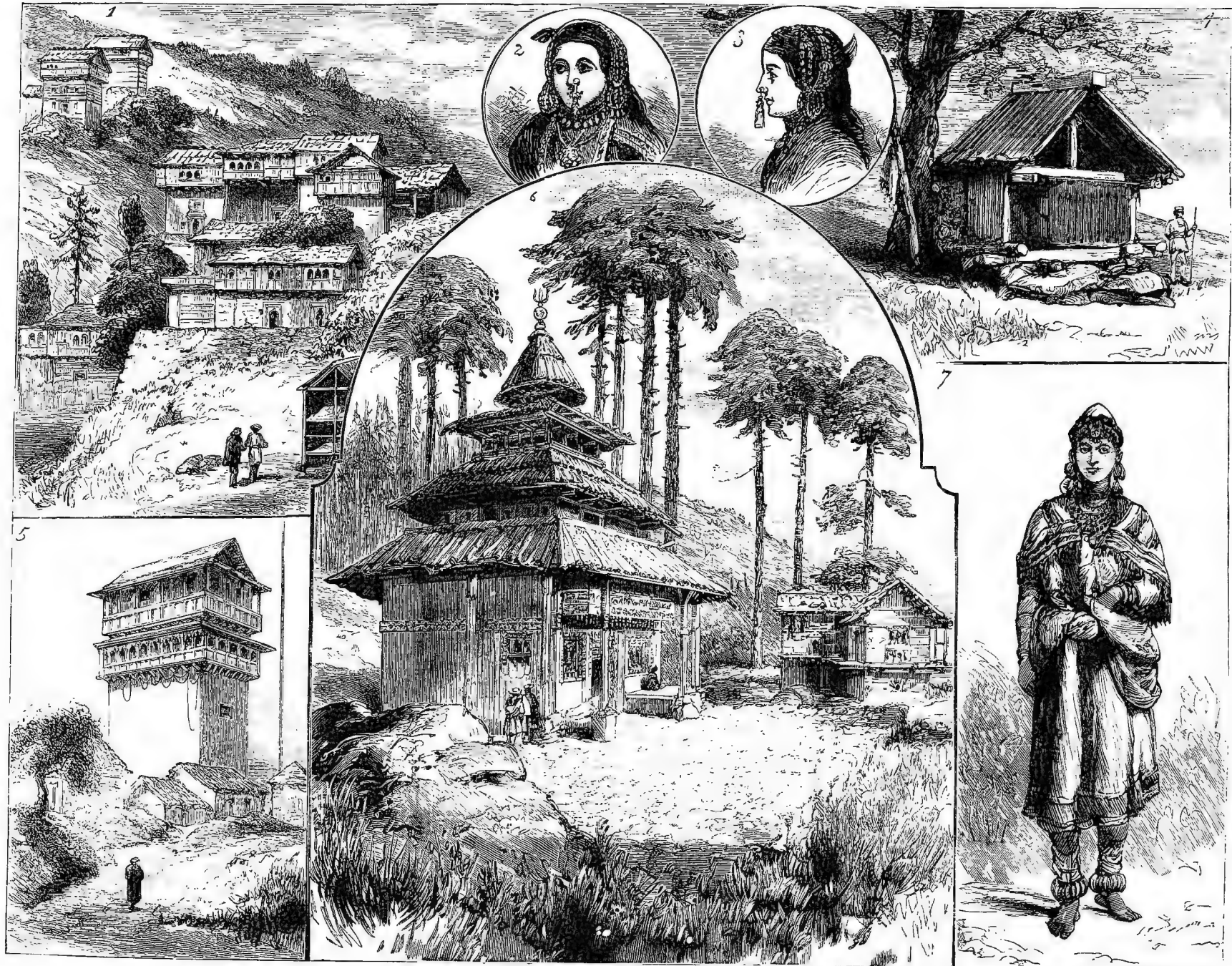
The temperature was highest (65°) on Sunday (4th inst.); lowest (39°) on Tuesday (6th inst.); range 21°.

Rain fell on seven days. Total amount 0.64 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.95 inch on Wednesday (6th inst.)

MR. SUTHERLAND MENZIES.—The Rev. H. Wadmore writes as follows:—"May I venture to ask for the insertion of the following extract taken from the *Athenaeum* of September 26th?—'Mr. Sutherland Menzies, the well-known historical and biographical writer, is in dire straits from old age, sickness, and poverty. Mr. Menzies is in his eightieth year, and partially paralysed. Mr. Wadmore, Vicar of All Souls', South Hampstead, would be glad to receive any contributions in relief of this veteran man of letters. Mr. Wadmore's address is 15, Fairfax Road, N.W.' In answer to this appeal there is not a shilling. Mr. Menzies and his wife have applied for a pension from the Literary Fund, but hitherto unsuccessfully. In the mean time the old folk are near starving. It is hard that a man like Mr. Menzies, who has done good work in his day, should now be left to want."



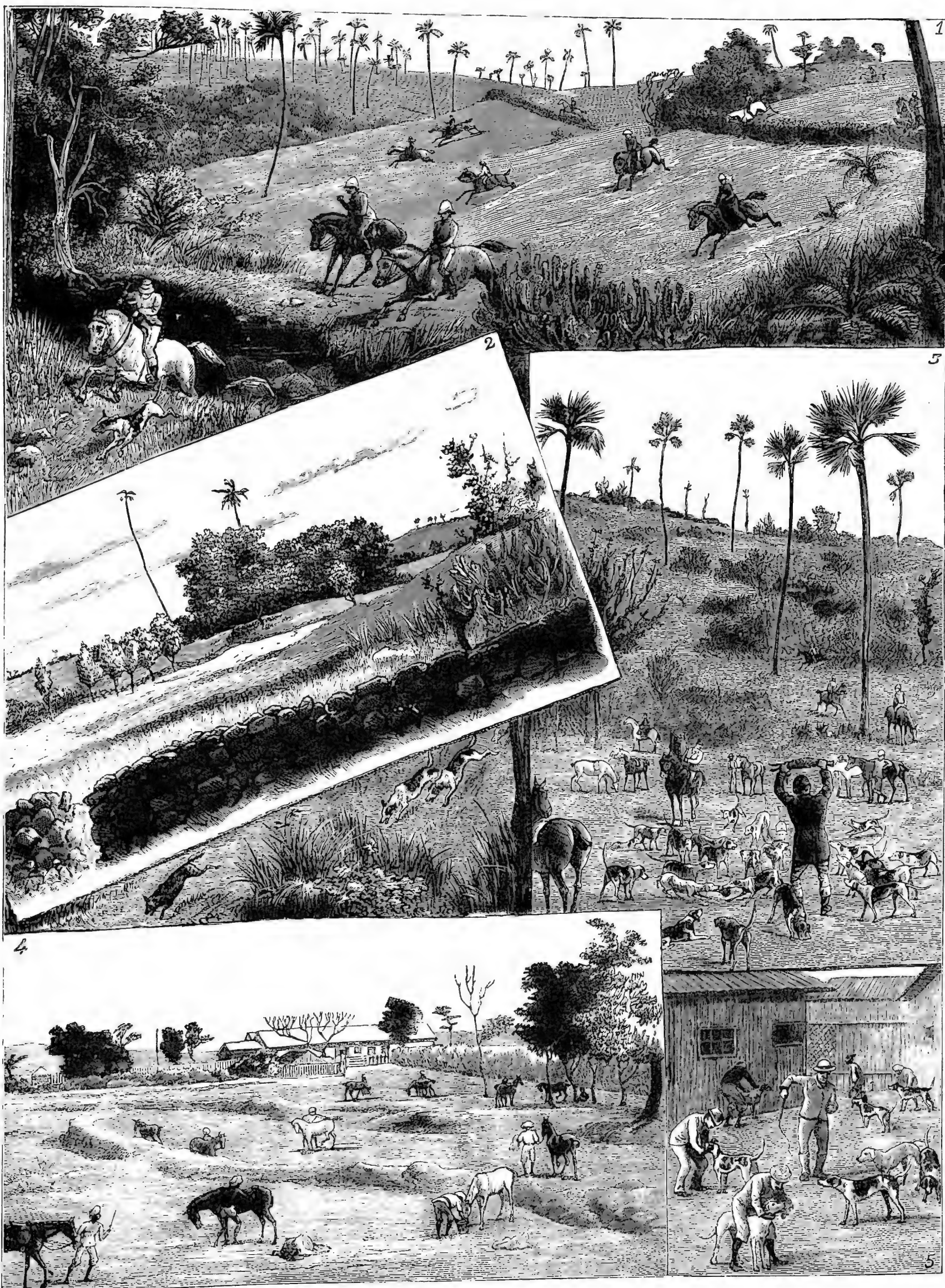
THE ROYAL BOXES AT THE OPERA AT COPENHAGEN, ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECENT VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO DENMARK
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



1. A Kooloo Village
2 and 3. Kooloo Belles

4. Rest House for Gods When Travelling.
5. A Kooloo House.

6. A Doongree Temple, Kooloo.
7. A Kooloo Girl.



1. Gone Away.
2. A Series of Jumps

3. The Kill.
4. Andheri Railway Station After the Run.

5. The Kennels.

HUNTING THE JACKAL WITH THE BOMBAY FOXHOUNDS

The Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

(Continued from page 412.)

religious and philanthropic organisations. With Young Men's Christian Associations, with Bible Societies, with Missionary enterprise, his personality is intimately connected. Among the general mass of the community his name was honoured as that of a high-minded, unselfish philanthropist and benefactor of his kind, and as that of one who had through a long life consistently maintained a high standard of duty.

It seems strange that it was not until June, 1884, that the City of London conferred upon him its Freedom in the library of the Guildhall. Though the honour intended to be done was great, there was a general feeling that it was rendered rather late in the day.

Allusion was then gracefully made by the City Chamberlain to the large beneficence and immense activity which had characterised the late Earl's career. The long list of societies of a philanthropic and religious kind, which are indebted to his lordship for sympathy and support, was gone through. It was mentioned that he was at the same time the honoured friend of his Sovereign, and regarded with affection by his brethren of the barrow.

Of incidents more distinctly personal in his lordship's career, two or three are of especial interest, and may be recorded here. In Baron Bunsen's diary for February, 1839, he writes, "Ashley took me to a meeting whose tendency and significance made that day one of the most important of my life. He and Sandon and others desire a lay union for extension of Church rights, in order to call upon all lay Churchmen of England to stand up for two points—one, that the people shall have regular education in parish and commercial schools; the second, that the schools shall be under the clergy, directed by a Diocesan Board, consisting of clergy and gentry, under the Bishop." The Baron relates, too, how the late Earl met 270 thieves, at their own wish, and, together with a Mr. Jackson, a City missionary, took counsel with them how they should lead better lives. Again, Lord Shaftesbury was once challenged, in 1853, to a duel by Lord Mornington; but he simply referred the irate nobleman to Bow Street or to his solicitors. His wife's loss in 1872—the lady was the daughter of Lady Palmerston, by her first husband, Earl Cowper—he keenly felt. Her Majesty the Queen on this occasion wrote to him very kindly and touchingly, alluding to his wife's character in terms of great warmth and affection.

His political utterances of importance were not many; but on some public questions he spoke with decision. He could not away with the proposal for opening national museums and galleries on Sundays. He was strenuously opposed to the Ballot Act. He did not advise the House of Peers to reject it; but he was of opinion that, by adopting the principle of secret voting, the nation inflicted upon itself a direct dishonour. It was an open avowal of cowardice and corruption. He predicted that the Bill would fail to stop intimidation, and would make bribery ten times worse. When the Crimean War broke out he discussed in the House of Lords the question of Christianity in Turkey. Criticising the statement in the Russian Manifesto, that Russia was fighting for Christianity, and England and France for Mahomedanism, he declared that he infinitely preferred Turkish to Russian civilisation, that Protestantism had free scope in Turkey, while in Russia it was suppressed by persecution. In 1857, at Wimborne, he spoke with indignation of the reserve practised by the Press with reference to the cruelties perpetrated on our women and children by the Sepoys during the mutiny in India. He also denounced Lord Ellenborough for sending a condemnatory despatch to the Governor-General anent the latter's severe proclamation in Oude. Lord Shaftesbury thought such a despatch likely to weaken the central authority, and to encourage those in arms against us.

The late Earl, in the autumn of 1884, suffered severely from diarrhoea. This complaint lowered his strength considerably, and showed a tendency to become chronic. He was in the summer of this year entrusted with the distribution of a legacy of 50,000*l.*, and in the conscientious execution of this task, which he was resolute to undertake, perhaps overtaxed his energies. When it was completed, he left town for Folkestone. Here unfortunately he exposed himself to the cold, and the result was inflammation of the left lung. The affection was temporarily got under by the skillful treatment of a local medical practitioner, Dr. Bowles; but reappeared in a chronic form in the upper part of that internal organ. His lordship sank gradually, and at a quarter to two P.M. on Thursday, October 1st, he passed quietly away. On the morning of that day he dictated two letters to his daughters, and up to the final moment he retained his consciousness, conversing with his children gently and intelligently. There were with him at the time of his decease Lady Templemore, the Hon. Edith Ashley, and the Hon. Cecil Ashley. Lord Ashley (now Earl of Shaftesbury) was absent on the Continent, whither he had been summoned by the illness of his wife.

The body of the late Earl was subsequently removed to the family mansion, in Grosvenor Square, from Folkestone. A Memorial Service having been held in Westminster Abbey, the remains were taken to St. Giles, Dorsetshire, where they now rest beside those of the late Countess.

Lord Ashley, who has succeeded his father in the peerage as eighth Earl of Shaftesbury was born June 27th, 1831. He was educated at Rugby. He served in the Black Sea and Baltic during the Crimean War; and was attached in 1856 to Lord Granville's special Embassy to Moscow. He was M.P. for Hull, 1857-59; for Cricklade, 1859-65. His lordship married, in 1857, the only daughter of the third Marquis of Donegal. The late Earl's second son, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P., was born in 1856. He is well known as the biographer of Lord Palmerston. Under the late Ministry he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies. There are also three daughters surviving, the Honourables Margaret Emily, Mildred Georgiana, and Ethel Maud.

Our last portrait of Lord Shaftesbury, on page 420, is from a photograph taken recently at the residence of his late lordship in Grosvenor Square by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent Street, W. Mr. Walker is well known for the successful series of "Portraits at Home" which he has for several years been engaged in executing.—The engraving of Lord Shaftesbury's house, St. Giles's, Cranbourne, is from a photograph by Adam Gosney, of Sherborne, Yeovil, &c.

FRANK BANFIELD



MR. G. B. FINCH, Senior Wrangler in 1857, and called to the Bar in 1864, has been elected Lecturer on Law at Queen's College, Cambridge, of which he was formerly Fellow.

MR. LABOUCHERE, as the proprietor of *Truth*, is threatened with another action for libel, this time in Ireland, arising out of the attacks made in that journal on money-lenders. Mr. Alderman Harris, of Dublin, considers some remarks respecting him made in *Truth* to be libellous, and as copies of it, containing the alleged libel, were sent direct from the office to Dublin to be sold there, the Vacation Judge in Dublin held that this was equivalent to publica-

tion in Ireland, and granted the application of Mr. Harris's counsel to allow a writ "out of jurisdiction" to be served personally on Mr. Labouchere. The damages are to be laid at 10,000*l.* The Attorney-General and Solicitor-General for Ireland are among the counsel engaged for the prosecution.

THE CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT ACT has been brought to bear on a young Irishman, John Kavanagh, said to be a medical student, who was charged with felony before the Worship Street Police Magistrate for eloping with a young lady, a ward in Chancery, and entitled to a sum of about 1,000*l.* Her father prosecuted. The prisoner declared that he had no knowledge of her being a ward in Chancery, and that his intentions towards the young lady were good and honourable. The father, on the other hand, said that he had given a false account of himself, and that he was an adventurer. Ultimately he was remanded without bail.

THE CORONER'S JURY have returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Mary Catherine Bicknell, the wife of a warehouse keeper in Landor Road, charged on her own statement with the murder of her two little daughters, aged respectively three-and-a-half years and eleven months. According to her own account she smothered them between two feather beds. When arrested, she spoke highly of her husband and appeared quite composed, saying that she knew the children were in Heaven. The police-constable who took her into custody described her as having "a vacant appearance about her eyes."

HENRY NORMAN, aged thirty-one, who in a fit of jealousy murdered his wife by stabbing her in the heart while she was asleep, was executed on Monday morning within the walls of Newgate. He went to the scaffold with a firm step. On the bolt being withdrawn death was instantaneous.



THE TURF. —Between the two first of the Autumn meetings at Newmarket, we do not look for any very stirring racing, nor have Nottingham, Winchester, Kelso, Leicester, and Kempton Park supplied us with any during the present week. Nottingham however produced fair sport, but the fielders got the best of the business. Monsieur de Paris, with odds on him, won the Maiden Plate for two-year-olds, and Northampton the Bleasby Gorse Plate, but non-favorites were generally to the fore, Mirth taking the Bestwood Nursery, Panic the Mapperly Hall Plate, and Somerton the Nottinghamshire Handicap, while on the second day the Mile Nursery fell to the Quebrada colt, the Friar Tuck Plate to Loch Leven, and the Welbeck Nursery to St. Rule. A "good thing" was only occasionally brought off, as when Aurelius beat seven others for the Hunters' Flat Race. The evergreen Kinton, who generally wins or makes a good show when brought out, won the Annesley Plate. At Kelso, Stone Clink, following up his numerous successes, took the Roxburgh Handicap for Mr. Vyner, and Ellangowan the Kelso Plate for Mr. Coates. The Winchester gathering reminds us that the "cross-country season" is at hand, that good performer Jolly Sir John winning the Wolverton Steeplechase, and Spec the Sparsholt Hurdle Race.—Harking back for a moment to last week at Newmarket, it may be noted that in the Rous Memorial Stakes Volta beat both Kendal and Sunrise, the two favourites, neither of whom got a place in a field of eight. Sunrise was evidently not up to the mark, but the race was a serious upset of recent two-year-old form, which, as a rule, has been fairly consistent hitherto during the season.—The Cesarewitch, which will be run next week, has evoked plenty of interest and wagering, but the scratching of Lonely further deprives the race of good public performers. The field will probably be a small one, and no exceptionally hot favourite will face the starter. At the time of writing, Althorp, one of the best and most consistent runners of the season, is at the head of the market returns, with Eurasian and Charmian next in demand. Eurasian is the property of Mr. Hammond, who won last year with the Derby dead-heater St. Gatien, and if Eurasian is superior to Florence, also his property, at the weights, it seems likely he will go close. How good Charmian is no one can tell, and 6 st. 2 lbs. is not a very heavy burden for anything like a good three-year-old. Xema, the Irish filly, has been well supported. Last year she ran well in this race, and her present weight of 7 st. 2 lbs. should not stop a five-year-old animal with any staying powers. St. Gatien and Bendigo are still the first favourites for the Cambridgeshire, but the weights they have to carry do not make the backing of them particularly tempting when the past records of the race are looked into. Bendigo is a five-year-old, and very seldom since the race was instituted have animals of this age distinguished themselves. If the double event is to be brought off by the same animal, Charmian seems the most likely one to do the trick. In connection with the short race the scratching of Paradox, who is little, if at all, behind Melton, the Derby and St. Leger winner, has created an outburst of indignation, which the semi-apologetic letter of his owner, Mr. Cloete, has hardly allayed. He was withdrawn from the Cesarewitch some time ago, and therefore the public argued fairly enough that he was meant for the Cambridgeshire, and backed him accordingly, as they always do a good performer, whatever weight he carries. It is the old story. Of course, an owner may legally "do what he likes with his own," but were it not for the public, with its gate-money and indirect contributions to race funds, there would be but few owners to race for honour and glory. There are certain unwritten laws and understandings on the Turf, and we have always held that owners, whether speculators or not, cannot afford to set these at defiance. The next time Mr. Cloete's colours are seen on the racecourse, depend on it they will not receive an ovation. The recent event, we fear, will not further the talked-of match between Paradox and Melton.

FOOTBALL. —There is nothing much to put on record in the football world. We must wait a fortnight or so to see the game in full swing. Association wise, the energetic team of Aston Villa (Birmingham) has had an easy victory over Halliwell (Lancaster); Accrington has beaten Derby Midland; Everton Oswestry; Swifts the Old Brightonians; Notts County Brentwood; and Notts Forest the Walsall Swifts. For the Scottish Association Cup, Queen's Park has only just been victorious over the Glasgow Pilgrims by one goal to none; and for the Lancashire Cup, the Blackburn Olympic Second Eleven has easily won from Great Harwood.—Rugby wise, the Dulwich College team has beaten the Old Cheltonians; and the Civil Service the Middlesex Wanderers.

COURSING. —The coursing season has begun well, and shows no decadence of interest. Under the special patronage of the Marquis of Anglesey the Lichfield Meeting, as usual, was a success this week, when Mr. J. Trevor's Aber Menai and Messrs. Jones's Escape divided the Beadesert Stakes for all ages.

CYCLING. —A cablegram from America informs us that the well-known English professional, R. Howell, has succeeded in riding a mile on a bicycle in 2 min. 31.25 sec. Howell had also eclipsed all previous records by doing the same distance in 2 min. 43 sec. There seems to be no reason to doubt the times given,

though naturally we should have wished the records to have been made this side of the "herring-pond."

HUNTING. —The Royal Buckhounds have begun their forest hunting, and from various quarters we hear that the cub-hunting season progresses most favourably, the supply of foxes in most districts being amply sufficient for the regular sport.

GOLF. —The annual competition open to all comers for the championship has been held over the St. Andrew's Links, Bob Martin, professional, of St. Andrew's, coming in first at 171 strokes for two rounds. Professionals also were second and third.



MR. WALTER HELMORE's "musical electioneering squib, in one bang," *The Casting Vote*, which was given for the first time as an introductory piece to the *Great Pink Pearl*, at the PRINCESS Theatre, on Wednesday last, introduces a number of familiar figures of actors upon the Parliamentary scene at Westminster. The subject being a political one, M. Marius, Mr. Girardet, Mr. Bowland, and other performers in the piece have not been able to resist the temptation to earn a momentary success by presenting themselves in easily-recognisable disguise as the more prominent politicians of the day. The gratification is a harmless one, as the "squib" is altogether void of offence, but little use is made of opportunities thus afforded. The piece, which is closely modelled upon the extravaganzas of Mr. Gilbert, save that it betrays the work of a novice in the art of stage construction, is made up of rather familiar devices, and is overburdened by the weight of an excessive quantity of dialogue, and an excessively long list of *dramatis personæ*. The music, by Mr. Walter Slaughter, is bright and pleasing, and doubtless helped largely towards securing a tolerably favourable reception to the new production. In the *Great Pink Pearl*, which still occupies the chief place in the programme, Mr. Edgar Bruce now plays the character of Anthony Sheen with much earnestness and spirit.

Mrs. Conover who, if not the most fortunate, is certainly one of the most courageous of London managers, is preparing to re-open the OLYMPIC. *Alone in London*, a romantic drama, written by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay, and recently played in America, will be the substantial feature of her bill. Miss Jay will herself play a leading part.

Miss Minnie Palmer is about to reappear at the STRAND Theatre. This American actress's peculiar humours and eccentricities are like those of her countrywoman, Lotta, "not for all markets," as Rosalind says. They seem, however, to please a considerable section of our playgoing public. These latter may perhaps find further cause for rejoicing in the news that a Miss Bertie Craford, an American actress of the same class, is also on her way hither.

The loss to London managers by the enforced closing of all theatres on Ash Wednesday under the rule which is now finally abolished, has been estimated as averaging 40*l.* at each house, or something like 1,200*l.* in all. As a tax on theatrical folk however—that is on the performers and *employés*, who as a rule have forfeited thereby one day's earnings the sum is, of course, much larger. Mr. Wilson Barrett estimates it at 10,000*l.* in London alone. Seeing that the rest of the community were left free to pursue their ordinary avocations on that day, it was clearly unjust that this sacrifice should be imposed on a particular class. The triumph of Mr. Hollingshead's vigorous and persistent agitation certainly entitles him to the gratitude of the theatrical profession.

The "unforeseen" which is said to be that which "always happens" in politics, also manifests itself now and then in theatrical affairs. *Arrah-na-Pogue*, revived at the ADELPHI during the hot weather as a mere stop-gap, is still playing to good houses. More than this, the management seem to have postponed *sine die* the production of a new play long since announced. The next novelty, it is stated, will be the revival of another of Mr. Boucicault's popular Irish dramas—that is, the *Colleen Bawn*, which has not been seen in London for some time past.

In spite of the improbabilities and highly-strained coincidences of the plot, *Hoodman Blind*, at the PRINCESS's, has proved itself to be a capital acting play. Though one of the joint authors of the piece, Mr. Wilson Barrett has not given himself so striking a part as he had in *Claudian*. His brother, Mr. George Barrett, on the other hand, as the jovial outspoken blacksmith, is the delight of the audience. As Jess, the waif, Miss Eastlake shows a talent hitherto unsuspected. At the same time, this doubling of parts is a practice not to be commended. The sisters are too much alike; it is difficult for the spectator to realise that they are two distinct persons. Judging from the crowded state of the house, *Hoodman Blind* bids fair to run for some time to come.

The management of the GAIETY Theatre, which, like other houses in the summer season, has been temporarily in other hands, will be resumed by Mr. John Hollingshead in December, when Miss E. Faren will return to her old quarters, together with a strong company, for the performance of those three-act burlesques of which Mr. Hollingshead is the originator. A sort of parody version of Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," by Mr. Pottinger Stephens and Mr. W. Yarcley, will be the Christmas novelty.

Mrs. Weldon's avowed intention of appearing at the GRAND THEATRE, Islington, on Monday week, in a new play entitled *Alone*, appears likely to be interfered with by the Lord Chamberlain. The indispensable licence of that functionary, in brief, has not been obtained for the new piece; nor is it likely to be if the statement that it introduces many living persons, and sets forth numerous incidents which have figured in recent trials in our Law Courts, is correct. Apart from questions of the law of libel, matter of this kind has generally been interdicted.

The late Mr. Charles Reade's latest novel, "Singleheart and Doubleface," is being dramatised by Dr. C. Reade and Mr. Wilton Jones.

Mr. Mayer's season of French plays at the ROYALTY Theatre commences this evening with Casimir Delavigne's *Don Juan d'Autriche*, the recent revival of which, at the Théâtre Français, has excited much interest.

Mr. H. Herman and Mr. F. J. Harris have taken the OPERA COMIQUE. We believe they will produce a burlesque written by the former gentleman.

A "BUTTERFLIERIES" has been held at Calicut, Southern India—an excellent exhibition of the moths and butterflies frequenting the neighbourhood. All the specimens were collected by soldiers, who made the show-cases, and arranged their various collections most artistically.

AN OVERTURE COMPOSED BY FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA has been unearthed from the Potsdam archives by the Crown Prince of Germany. This overture was once performed at a Court *fête* during Frederick's lifetime, and is now to be published. Another Royal production—but literary, not musical—is also shortly to come out at Stockholm, where King Oscar has just finished an important sketch of European politics from 1864 to 1872.

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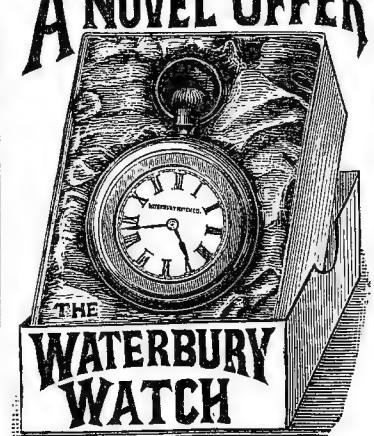
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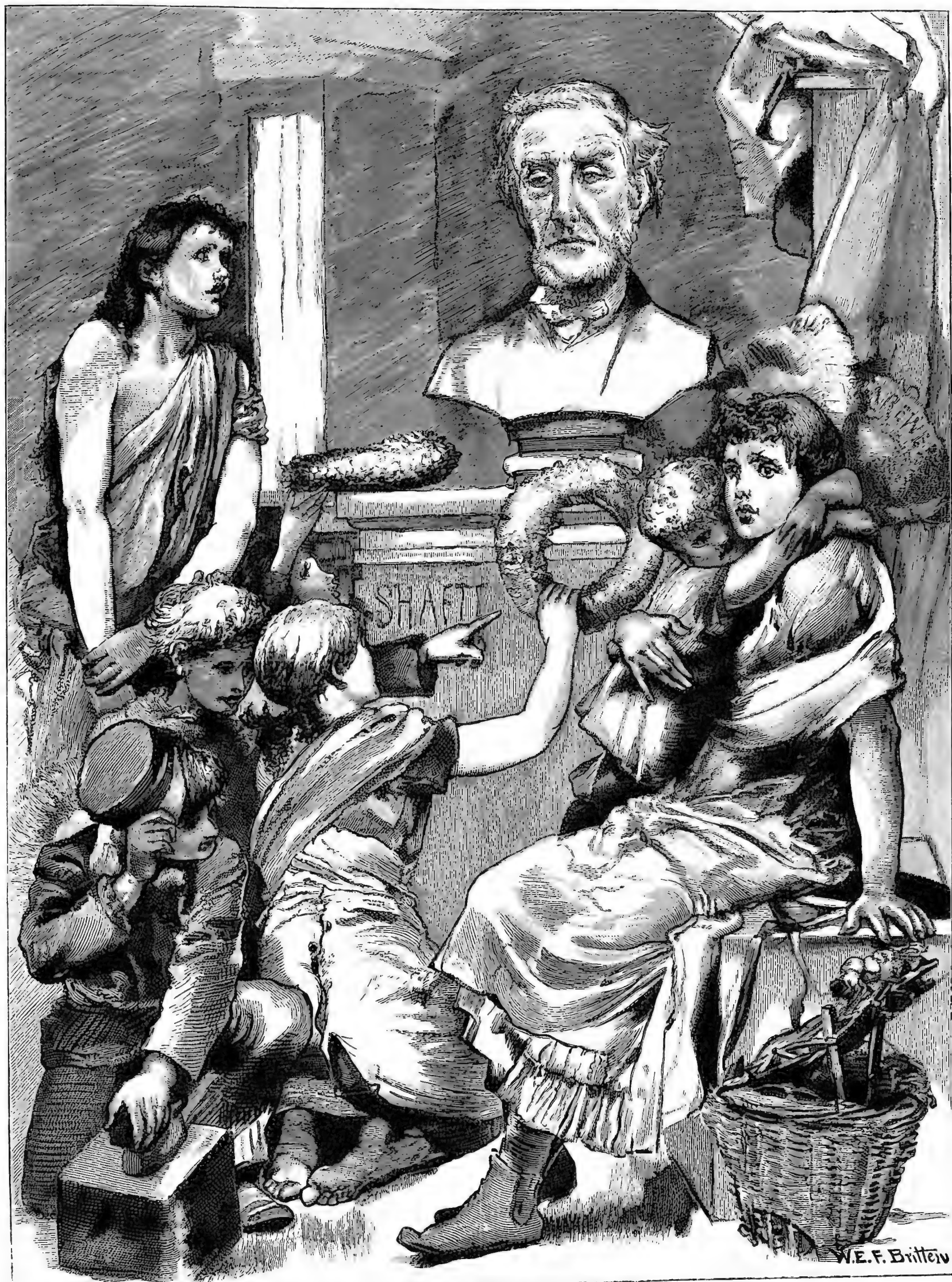
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All hush ! here is one, laid down to sleep :
 A statesman, who led the cause of man,
 A soldier, for ever in the van,
 An old man and tired, whose rest is deep.
 " But oh ? " say the children, " nevermore,
 Will he heed us when we cry ! "
 He was always within our reach before,
 And we knew him passing by ! "

Tread gently ! a noble of the land
 He waits to be carried to his rest—
 We lay the pail across his breast ;
 Closed eyes, calm brow, and quiet hand.
 " But oh ! " say the children, " let us, too,
 Put our flowers upon his bier !
 For he went about our work to do
 All the time that he was here ! "

Then there comes, with the tolling of the bell,
 With the treading of many mourners' feet,
 A sound of shrill voices in the street,
 Yet robbed of the sadness of farewell :
 " For though," say the children, " he is gone,
 This is not our good-bye !
 He has shown us the way to follow on,
 Till we meet him in the sky ! "

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LORD SHAFTESBURY EXPLORING THE SLUMS OF LONDON 1840

The Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

ANTHONY ASHLEY-COOPER, K.G., seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was born on the 28th of April, 1801. He came of a family which has given to English history more than one distinguished name. The surname of the deceased Earl originated in the blending of two patronymics. In the reign of James I. a certain John Cooper, residing at Rockstone, in Hampshire, possessed considerable estates, from which he is said to have derived a rent roll of 8,000*l.* a year. The first Stuart King of England created this gentleman a baronet. Not so far off from Rockstone, but in Dorset, lived Sir Anthony Ashley, Knight. His daughter was wooed successfully by Sir John Cooper, and the result of the union was the birth of Anthony Ashley-Cooper, in 1621, who, first raised to the peerage as Baron Ashley in 1660 by Charles II., was created in 1672 first Earl of Shaftesbury. Curiously enough, the founder of this peerage was distinguished for very different moral qualities than those which have brought honour on his distinguished descendant. He was remarkable for the versatility with which he trimmed his sails to catch the favour of the faction likely to be dominant in the country in a near future. Macaulay in his characterisation of the members of the Cabal Ministry of Charles II.'s reign thus alludes to the first Earl. After discussing the notorious Buckingham he says:—"Ashley, with a far stronger head, and with a far firmer and more earnest ambition, had been equally versatile. But Ashley's versatility was the effect not of levity but of deliberate selfishness. He had served and betrayed a succession of Governments. But he had timed all his treacheries so well, that through all revolutions his fortunes had constantly been rising. The multitude, struck with admiration by a prosperity which, while everything else was constantly changing, remained unchangeable, attributed to him a prescience almost miraculous, and likened him to the Hebrew statesman of whom it is written that his counsel was as if a man inquired of the oracle of God." Dryden in his "Absalom and Achitophel" paints the first Earl in famous lines from which we quote—

For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd, in principles and place,
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace.

The third Earl obtained a literary and philosophic fame as the author of the "Characteristics," in which the views expressed differ

very widely from those with which the seventh Earl's name will be associated in history. Lalor Sheil in the course of debate once gracefully alluded to this ancestor in paying a compliment to the evangelical nobleman. "The noble Lord," he said, "has made humanity one of the *Characteristics of Shaftesbury*." The sixth Earl married the daughter of George, third Duke of Marlborough, who became the mother of the subject of our memoir, and her features such as they were when she was a child may be studied in a family group, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This lady lived ninety-two years, and died in 1867.

The home and family seat of the Ashley-Coopers is St. Giles's House, Dorsetshire. As far as we are aware the authentic history of this house does not date back beyond the seventeenth century. Then it was utilised by its owner, Sir Anthony Ashley, as a stronghold for the Parliament during the war of the Great Rebellion, when it was surrounded by a moat. Since that time the house has been, of course, much improved by its succeeding owners, and notably by the taste and judgment of the late Earl. St. Giles's House possesses a library seventy feet long. Among its treasures is the MS. of Handel's oratorios. There is here also a drawing in chalk of the composer by the fourth Earl's Countess, and the collection of books is in every way worthy of the historic prestige of the family. The hall and the dining-room are particularly fine specimens of domestic architecture, the panelling of the latter being adorned with full-length portraits of the late Earl's forefathers. The grounds surrounding St. Giles's House contain some trees of great antiquity. Through the Park wander the waters of the River Allen, which is so utilised as to form an artificial lake of considerable extent. By the waterside stands a summer-house, which is associated with the memory of Thomson, the author of the "Seasons." The poet experienced much kindness from the fourth Earl. This nobleman also built a grotto in the

park, where are stored minerals and shells collected by him from all parts of the world.

The subject of our memoir, who has been so eminent as a philanthropist and as the lay head of English Evangelicalism, was educated at Harrow, from which great school he in due course went to Christ Church, Oxford. At the age of twenty-one, Lord Ashley took a first-class in *Literæ humanioris*; proceeding to his B.A. degree in 1822, his M.A. in 1832. Four years after



LORD SHAFTESBURY VISITING THE COAL MINES OF THE BLACK COUNTRY, 1840-42

leaving the University he was returned in 1826 to Parliament for the borough now represented by Lord Randolph Churchill, his selection of a seat being probably guided by family considerations. At the time of his entry upon Parliamentary life, Catholic Emancipation and the Reform of our representative institutions were the questions of the hour. Lord Ashley was then a Conservative, and an adherent of Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning. When the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister Lord Ashley for a time held the post of a Commissioner of the Board of Control (1828-30). Subsequently, under Sir Robert Peel, he was a Lord of the Admiralty (1834-35). If he had persisted in a purely political career, there can be little doubt but that a man of so much promise, so widely and influentially connected with the aristocracy, would in time have honourably filled some of the highest offices of State. But he was destined to come under influences which modified materially the course of his career.

In 1830 he married Emily, eldest daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, and this lady always did her best to support him in his benevolent activity. It is about this period too that he would seem to have come under the influence of the then dominant Evangelicalism. Simeon was a name of power, and Clapham was a spiritual centre of great potency. The late Earl was in some sense a religious survival in his later years from a former period, and perhaps was scarcely to the last free from the narrowness of mental vision which has been the peculiar weakness of his school of religious teaching. However, it was in the early years of the fourth decade of the century that he began to devote his attention more exclusively to the amelioration, by law-making, of the condition of the lowest strata of the population. There can be no question about it that their condition was bad enough. The inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, and others in the eighteenth century, beneficent as they may have been in their ultimate result, had thrown large numbers of people out of employment, and had filled both prisons and poor-houses. The multiplication of looms and spindles proceeding apace caused a new demand for the labour again necessary to manufacturers, and the young were shipped in hundreds by the barges along the canals to feed the factories. The employers used their

material of labour mercilessly, and from the beginning of the century public attention had been called by different individuals to the matter. But in the words of Lord Shaftesbury, "The great movement which sought the reduction of the hours of work did not begin until 1830, when Mr. Ostler, the Rev. Mr. Bull, Mr. Walker, and, above all, Mr. John Wood, worsted spinner of Bradford, whose zeal was only equalled by his munificence," appeared in the field. The first champion of what is somewhat inaccurately termed the Ten Hours' Bill was a Mr. Sadler, who first brought the measure forward in Parliament in December, 1831. This gentleman lost his seat in the General Election of 1833, and Lord Ashley, then sitting for Dorsetshire, took up the cause with which his name will be so honourably connected. He did not care to obtain his facts at second-hand; but that personal sympathy for the poor which has made his figure a familiar one in the homes of the costermongers led him to the gates of the northern factories. "I can recollect," he once said in the House of Lords, "waiting at the factory gates to see the children come out; and a set of sad, dejected, cadaverous creatures they were. Then one asked, 'Can any of them reach their homes alive?' . . . In Bradford especially the proofs of long and cruel toil were most remarkable. The cripples and distorted forms might be numbered by hundreds, perhaps by thousands. A friend of mine collected a vast number together for me; the sight was most piteous, the deformities incredible. They seemed to me, such were their crooked shapes, like a mass of crooked alphabets." Lord Ashley's Bill of 1833 passed to a second reading, the Government of Earl Grey determining to issue a Commission of Inquiry. The first clause of the Bill being subsequently rejected in Committee, Lord Ashley threw the whole into the hands of Government, which substituted a measure of its own, which passed into law in this Session of 1833, and formed the first instalment of the Ten Hours' movement. It was enacted in this Bill that the labour in factories of children under thirteen should be limited to eight hours a day, that persons under eighteen should not be compelled to work more than sixty-nine hours in the week; and the employment of children under nine years of age was rendered illegal. The employers of the infants were also required to give them not less than two hours' schooling a week. This was a step in the right direction: but in a discussion which arose on the subject in the House of Commons in 1838, it was patent, from statements made, that much remained to be done. Children in some factories walked twenty or thirty miles a day in the performance of their tasks. The hardships were such, that in these districts more human beings died, under twenty than under

forty in other parts of England. In Manchester half the children born died under the age of three.

By the time the year 1840 had arrived indeed, the Ten Hours Question was fairly aloft, but the noble lord found himself exposed to some animadversions on the part of his friends for having confined his attention too exclusively to the victims of the methods of manufacture employed in textile fabrics. He therefore, as he puts it himself, with "feelings somewhat akin to despair," moved in 1840 that a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the condition of children not protected by the Factory Acts. The information elicited by that inquiry was certainly appalling. It was found that, in the manufacture of tobacco, infants of seven years were kept working for more than half the twenty-four hours in a deleterious atmosphere. In a department of the cotton mills, known as card-setting, children only five years old were kept at work from five or six o'clock in the morning to eight at night. Pin-making is not a particularly healthy occupation, yet here the little slaves were just as hardily worked. To the calico-printing works, mothers might be seen taking their weeping children at dead of night. Boys under eleven years toiled at bleaching in a temperature kept continuously at 120 deg. Fahrenheit. The result was that these children were worn out and fit for no honest labour long before they were twenty, and consequently it came about, as Lord Ashley remarked to the House of Commons, that "the governors of prisons will tell you, the relieving officers will tell you, that the vicious resort to plunder and prostitution; the rest sink down into a hopeless pauperism."

The report made by the Commission of Inquiry in 1842 has been described, without exaggeration, as an "awful document, not to be read without a combined feeling of shame, terror, and indignation."

The greatest horrors were perhaps to be discovered in the mines and collieries. This is Lord Ashley's picture of what was then a daily and nightly occurrence, as far as children were concerned: "In South Staffordshire, it is common to begin at seven years old; in Shropshire some begin as early as six years of age; in Warwick-



LORD SHAFTESBURY VISITING A COSTERMONGER'S HOME

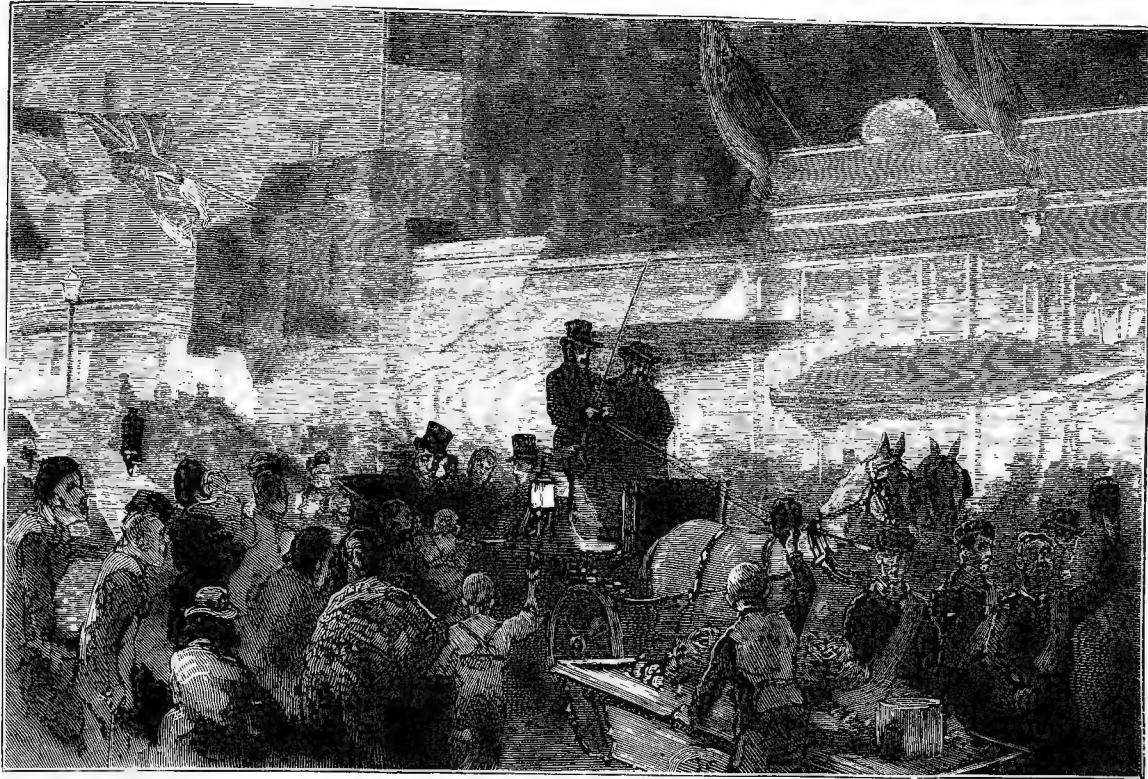
shire the same, in Leicestershire nearly the same. In Derbyshire many begin at five; many between five and six years, many at seven. In the West Riding of Yorkshire it is not uncommon for infants even of five years old to be sent to the pit. About Halifax and the neighbourhood children are sometimes brought to the pits at the age of six years, and are taken out of their beds at four o'clock. Bradford and Leeds the same, in Lancashire from five to six. Near Oldham children are worked as low as four years old,



LORD SHAFTESBURY AT THE AGE OF FOUR (1805)

From a painting by W. C. Ross, A.R.A.

and in the small collieries towards the hills, some are so young that they are brought to work in their bed-gowns. . . . The collieries were badly ventilated and drained, the ways were so low that only little boys could work in them, and these had to toil naked, and



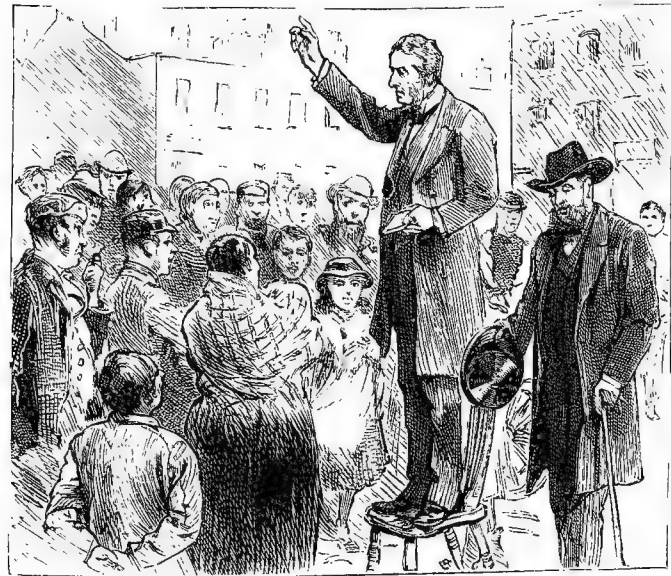
LORD SHAFTESBURY GOING TO OPEN THE COSTERS' HALL, HOXTON, 1875

often in mud and water, dragging sledge tubs by the girdle and chain. . . . The child had a girdle bound round its waist, to which was attached a chain, which passed under the legs, and was attached to a cart. The child was obliged to pass on all-fours, and the chain passed under what in that posture might be called the hind legs; and thus they had to pass through avenues not so



THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY, nee LADY ANNE CHURCHILL
Mother of the Late Earl

good as a common sewer, quite as wet, and oftentimes more contracted. The coal-bearers in the pits of Scotland were as a rule girls and women, who carried loads varying from 48 lbs. to 336 lbs. A "little girl, only six years old, was found carrying half-a-hundredweight. Fathers are mentioned who had ruptured themselves in lifting loads on to their children's backs." The consequences of such a system were sad both morally and physically. Decency was almost impossible under such circumstances, and the cruel labour rendered the poor creatures worn



LORD SHAFTESBURY PREACHING AT MILE END WASTE

out and decrepit. Moreover, "butty" colliers were allowed to take apprentices for a term of years, and to live a lazy vagabond life on the earnings of their little slaves. So shocked was the community by these revelations, that, in the Session of 1842, Lord Ashley was enabled to introduce a Bill founded on the Report of this Commission of Inquiry granted in 1840 by the Government of Lord Melbourne, to prevent the employment of women and children of tender years in mines and collieries. It passed through both Houses, its only opponent being

calico print-works, and for the better care of lunatics in asylums, were—after some modification by the Government of Sir Robert Peel—carried, and became part of the law of the land. These efforts of the noble lord on behalf of his fellow-creatures

were warmly appreciated by the labouring and artisan classes of England, among whom few Peers have ever enjoyed a more just and wide popularity. There stands now, in the Hall of St. Giles's House, a bust of the late Earl, which was presented on August 6th, 1859, to the late Countess of Shaftesbury. It bears this inscription:—"Presented to Emily, wife of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, by the operatives of the manufacturing districts of the North of England, as a token of their esteem and regard for the persevering and successful efforts of her noble husband in promoting by legislative enactment a limitation of the hours of labour of children, females, and young persons in mills and factories." It is said that when the bust was presented 7,000 persons who came from the Manchester district kissed the hands of the great philanthropist. On behalf of the children employed by chimney-sweeps he also exerted his powerful influence. Many deaths occurred from suffocation in chimney flues; but people said it was impossible to clean the flues by machinery. Lord Shaftesbury brought to light terrible abuses, yet a considerable agitation had to be set on foot before this great evil was done away with.

Almost as soon as his labour on behalf of the young and helpless in factories and mines had attained a certain large measure of fruition, his lordship found his attention directed towards the condition of the waifs and strays of the London streets. Bad as the slums of London are to-day, forty and sixty years ago they were a thousand times worse. In 1826, the desperate state of the East End, and notably Spitalfields, caused much anxiety to the authorities, and was calculated to alarm all who cared for the moral and political future of England. In 1846, when Lord Ashley seriously entered on his crusade against the squalor and ignorance of the youth of the metropolis, things had only so far improved in twenty years that the new police kept the lawless more effectually within bounds than the old watchmen. He had just been released from the burdens and demands made upon his time by Parliamentary work. His conversion to the views of the Anti-Corn Law League lost him his seat for Dorsetshire, though he soon afterwards entered Parliament as member for Bath. The Ragged Schools had already made a humble commencement in beneficent activity, when the late Earl decided to explore London himself, and to form, at first hand, an opinion as to the best means of reclaiming its outcasts. His companions in this tour of self-denial and of duty were a City missionary and a medical man. Lord Ashley contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in this year—1846—an article describing what he and his friends had seen. The urchins of the streets were "bold and pert and dirty as London sparrows, but pale, feeble, and sadly inferior to them in plumpness of outline. At the West End, they deal in lucifer matches, audaciously beg, or tell a tale of woe. Pass on to the central parts of Holborn and the Strand and you will there find the numbers very greatly increased; a few are pursuing the avocations above mentioned of their more than Corinthian fellows; many are spanning the gutters with their legs, and dabbling with earnestness in the latest accumulation of nastiness; while others, in squalid and half-naked groups, squat at the entrances of the narrow, fetid courts and alleys that lie concealed behind the deceptive frontages of our large thoroughfares. Whitechapel and Spitalfields teem with them like an ants' nest; but it is in Lambeth and in Westminster that we find the most flagrant traces of their swarming activity." His lordship went on to say, "We have penetrated alleys terminating in a *cul-de-sac*, long and narrow, like a tobacco-pipe, where air and sunshine were never known. On one side run walls several feet in height, blackened with damp and slime; on the other side stood the dwell-

ings, still more revolting, while the breadth of the wet and bestrewn passage would by no means allow us the free expansion of our arms. We have waited at the entrance of another of similar character and dimensions; but forbidden by the force and pungency of the odours to examine its recesses. The novelty of a visit from persons clad like gentlemen gave the hope that we were officials, and several women, haggard, rough, and exasperated, surrounded us at once, imploring us to order the removal of the filth which had poisoned the tenants, and to grant them a supply

of water, from which they had been debarred during many days.' Amid scenes such as these roamed the children, pale, wan, haggard, and unconscious of the presence of the great philanthropist, who was to do so much to ameliorate their condition.

To compass the mitigation of this crying evil Lord Ashley threw himself heart and soul into the Ragged School movement, and from 1846 down to his death, in the middle of last week, he was President of the Ragged School Union. The first inmates of the schools were more than ordinarily rough, and the teacher's work was not a little dangerous. In fifteen schools there were 2,345 children. Of these 162 confessed that they had been in prison; 116 had run away from their homes; 170 slept in lodging-houses—and the lodging-houses then were perfect dens of crime; 253 lived by begging; 216 had no shoes and stockings; 280 had no hat, cap, or bonnet; 101 had no body linen; 249 had never slept in beds; 68 were the children of convicts; and 306 had lost one or both parents. The success of these schools produced sympathy with the movement, and they were rapidly extended. Among our illustrations will be found one which shows his Lordship in the act of visiting what the old print from which it is taken calls the Westminster School of Industry. He has come up Old Pye Street to see his young friends, who are busy, the boys making shoes, and the girls at needlework. In 1848 his lordship recommended a scheme of State-aided emigration to Parliament, whereby these children might obtain employment in the colonies. By this time the number of schools in London had been increased to sixty, and the number of scholars to 10,000. Yet, although he made out his plea, Lord Aberdeen's Government could only be induced to part with the sum of 1,500*l*. On the late Earl's eightieth birthday in 1881 the Ragged School Union showed its sense of its indebtedness to him by presenting him with his portrait. So this noble work among the City Arabs went on, and in 1883 Lord Shaftesbury was able to congratulate the Ragged School Union on the fact that its members had "picked from the streets 300,000 boys and girls, all of whom, if they had not been taken up, would have been found ere long among the dangerous classes." And he goes on to say that not one of those children had fallen back; but had all turned out "good and industrious citizens." Some of them were sent to the Colonies, where they found regular employment, many were sent to the training ships *Chichester* and *Arethusa*, while many were provided for at first in the Shoe Black Brigade. In this institution, due to the initiative and energy of Mr. John Macgregor and others, the late Lord Shaftesbury took a keen and active interest. By the latest statistics with reference to the Brigade it would appear that it numbered 369 boys, whose annual earnings were 11,753*l*. 6*s*. 6*d*.

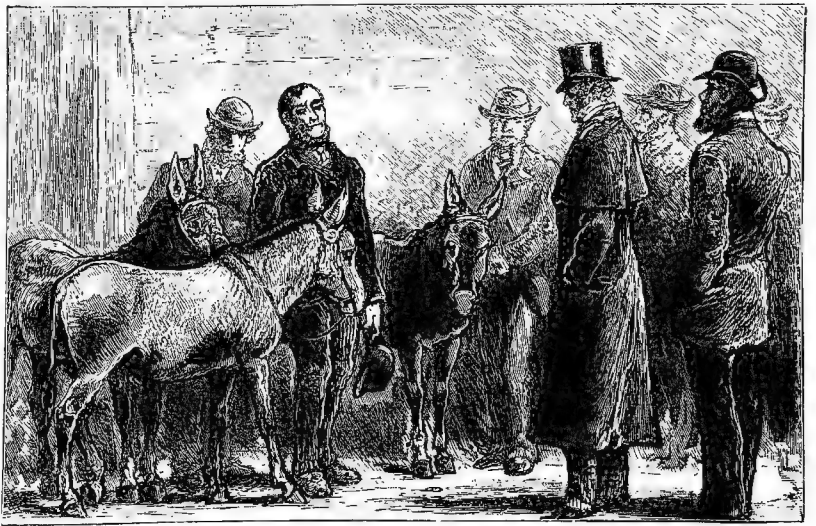
The villagers of Wimborne St. Giles, too, can bear witness to the fact that in his case at least charity began at home, his



THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY, nee LADY EMILY COWLEY
Wife of the Late Earl
Died 1872

provision for the comfort and well-being of his labouring tenantry being exceptionally generous.

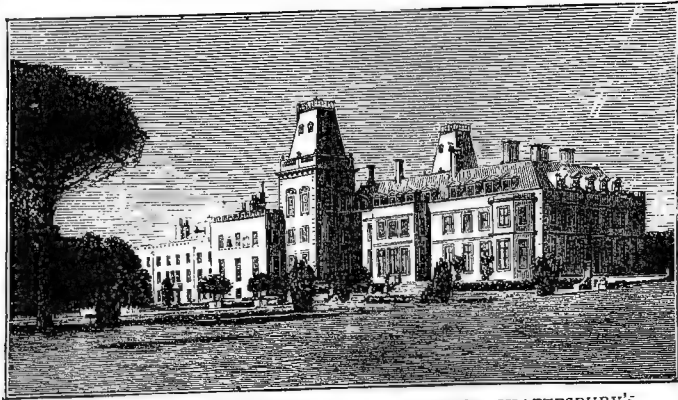
The deceased nobleman not only did much to help Lord Palmerston in the passing of his measure for the care and reformation of juvenile offenders, but he was also the pioneer of the movement for



LORD SHAFTESBURY INSPECTING COSTERMONGERS' DONKEYS, 1875

the better housing of the labouring poor. In 1851 he brought in his Bill for the registration of common lodging-houses. This measure passed rapidly through Parliament, and moreover received the warm encomium of Charles Dickens, who described it as the best law that was ever passed by the English Parliament. The movement thus started has resulted in such monuments of benevolence as the Peabody Buildings, Shaftesbury Park, Noel Park, and Queen's Park. Of the Shaftesbury Park estate, of which we gave an illustration at the time, he laid the first stone on the 3rd of

August, 1872. It is situated in Battersea, near Clapham Junction Railway Station, and had been acquired by the Artisans', Labourers', and General Dwellings Company for the purpose of laying out a



ST. GILES'S HOUSE, CRANBOURNE, DORSET, LORD SHAFTESBURY'S COUNTRY SEAT

workman's city. The houses built on it were intended to accommodate clerks as well as artisans. The place was opened in 1874, and its 1,200 dwellings can accommodate 8,000 persons. The township

warm sympathy with Lord Shaftesbury's efforts to improve the condition of the working classes. It may be mentioned parenthetically here that the session of 1851 was the last in which Lord Ashley sat in the House of Commons. In this year of the Great Exhibition, he succeeded to his ancestral honours and estates, on the death of his father at the age of eighty-four, and became seventh Earl of Shaftesbury.

Before proceeding to deal with other aspects of the career of the much-loved and esteemed Peer who has just died at Folkestone, it would be out of place to forget that by that keen-witted class, the costermongers of the metropolis, and especially by the street-trading folk of Golden Lane and Hoxton, he was regarded with very lively affection. His unpretending manners and the readiness of sympathy which he manifested with individual wants and griefs won all hearts. He displayed intense interest in the mission work carried on by Mr. W. J. Orsman, of the General Post Office, in the East End. One of our illustrations depicts him preaching at Mile End. His presence at Hoxton to open the mission premises, Costers' Hall, was the occasion for a display of the most violent enthusiasm—the hurrahs were deafening, and the delight of his lordship's humble admirers was unbounded; for was he not a member of the Barrow Club, and had not the descendant of six generations of earls significantly declared, "I am a costermonger!" It was at one of the Golden Lane costers' tea parties that he was enrolled a costermonger, and purchased his own barrow. The celebrated donkey, Coster Jack, was presented to him at the Annual Meeting of the Golden Lane and Hoxton Christian Mission, on the 24th of March, 1875. The scene was a striking one. A thousand costers and their friends were present. The donkey was induced, with much difficulty, to mount the platform. He regarded the crowd solemnly, while giving longing side glances at the bouquet and bottle of water which adorned the Chairman's table. The presentation was made in due form. Lord Shaftesbury, with his arm around the neck of the donkey, which he placed next the chair, thanked the costermongers for their gift, and said he would send his newly-acquired friend down to the country, where he would be well-treated by his grandchildren. "When I have passed away from life," said the Earl, "I desire to have no more said of me than that I have done my duty whilst in it, as the poor donkey has done his, with patience and uncomplaining resignation." Our humorous contemporary *Funch* alluded to this incident a few days afterwards in lines from which we quote the following verses:—

Though Shaftesbury's arm around a donkey's neck
Might prompt a laugh, all ridicule we check;
That donkey to Saint Giles's Park will pass,
To feed, and roll his fill in lordly grass;
Mounted by many a high-bred boy and girl,
And praised and petted by the kindly Earl.
What though the shade of the Cabal-list sneer,
At such bucolics, or that sager peer,
Who of his age Characteristics penned,
And whom the best men of his time called friend,
Wander around Saint Giles's grey old hall,
On Asinus no fear of them will fall.
He'll let those pale ghosts form and fade in mist,
Nor prick an ear till the philanthropist
Bring him the kindly carrot, or, more prized,
The thistle, of all beasts save him despised;
Then, though a creature who on rough fare
feedeth,
He'll proudly bear the weight of Lady Edith,
And wonder how from a foul coster's slum,
To honour in an Earl's park he has come.

Last year his Lordship wrote to the pastor of the Golden Lane and Hoxton Christian Mission thus, anent this gift:—

"DEAR ORSMAN,—Recovering is too strong a word; but God be praised, I am improving. I will come and see you on the 23rd. My donkey, 'Coster Jack,' is of immense service. He draws me in a chair every day to visit my people.

"Yours truly,
"SHAFTESBURY."

The 23rd alluded to was the 23rd of June, 1884, when Mr. Orsman was presented with an address on the completion of his twenty-one years' pastorate. Lord Shaftesbury was unable to attend, and sent the following letter, alluding to his failing health:—

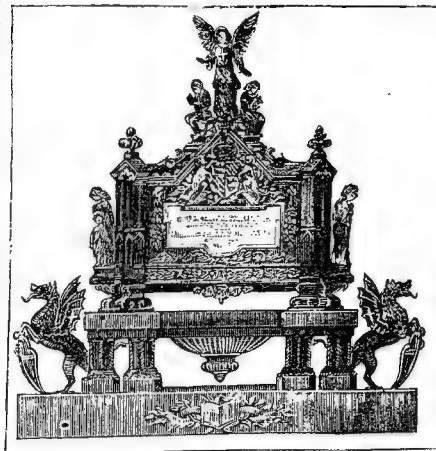
"24, Grosvenor Square, W.
"DEAR ORSMAN,—If I do not appear to-night it will be solely

because I am unwell. God forbid that it should be so. But I shall not be able to stay long; I must return home as soon as possible. I sincerely desire to see my dear brother costers. God bless you and every one of them.
"SHAFTESBURY."

It will thus be seen that the late Earl maintained to a very recent date his sympathy with his friends and protégés of Hoxton.

As the leading lay member of the Evangelical party, and as the defender of its modes of propaganda and of its prejudices, he has been frequently prominent before the public. He was a stranger and hostile to the lines of thought of either a Newman or a Maurice. When Lord Palmerston was in office, 1855—58, and 1859—66, the Earl of Shaftesbury's voice was supposed to be all potent with his distinguished family connection in the appointment of Low Church clergymen to the highest ecclesiastical appointments.

When Professor Seeley's book, "Ecce Homo," appeared in 1865, producing in theological circles a profound impression, the Earl of Shaftesbury made a speech at the annual meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, in the course of which he said:—"Sir, how men are deluded, how they are misled by those who should be their guides! I confess I was perfectly aghast the other day, when, speaking to a clergyman and asking him his opinion of the most pestilential book ever vomited, I think, from the jaws of hell—I mean 'Ecce Homo,'—he deliberately told me, he being a great professor of Evangelical religion, that the book had excited his deepest admiration, and that he did not hesitate to say that it had conferred great benefit upon his own soul." When mission services in theatres were first started, Lord Dringannon brought forward a motion on the 24th of February, 1860, condemning them as calculated to injure rather than advance the progress of sound religious principles. Lord Shaftesbury replied: "The noble Viscount says we are endangering the Church. Just



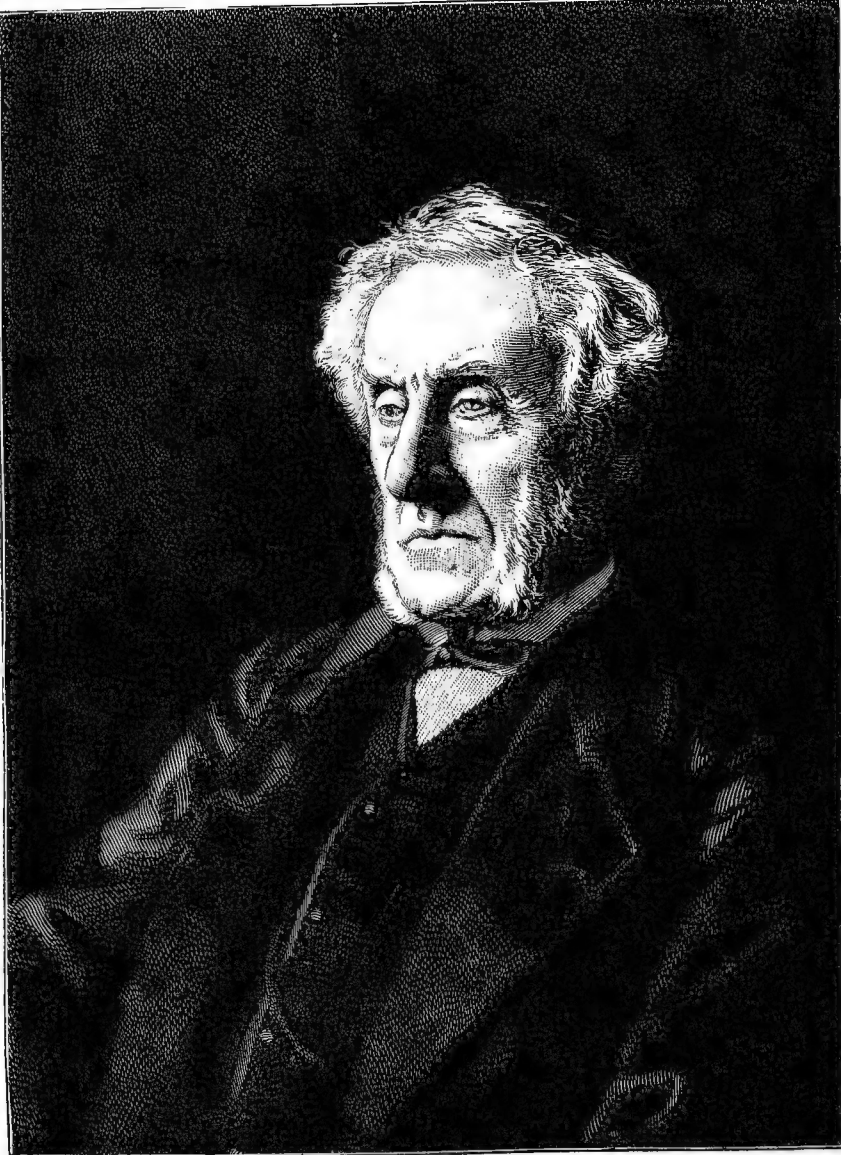
GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD SHAFTESBURY WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY, JUNE, 1884



COSTERMONGER'S BARROW PURCHASED BY LORD SHAFTESBURY WHEN HE WAS ENROLLED AS A COSTERMONGER, 1875

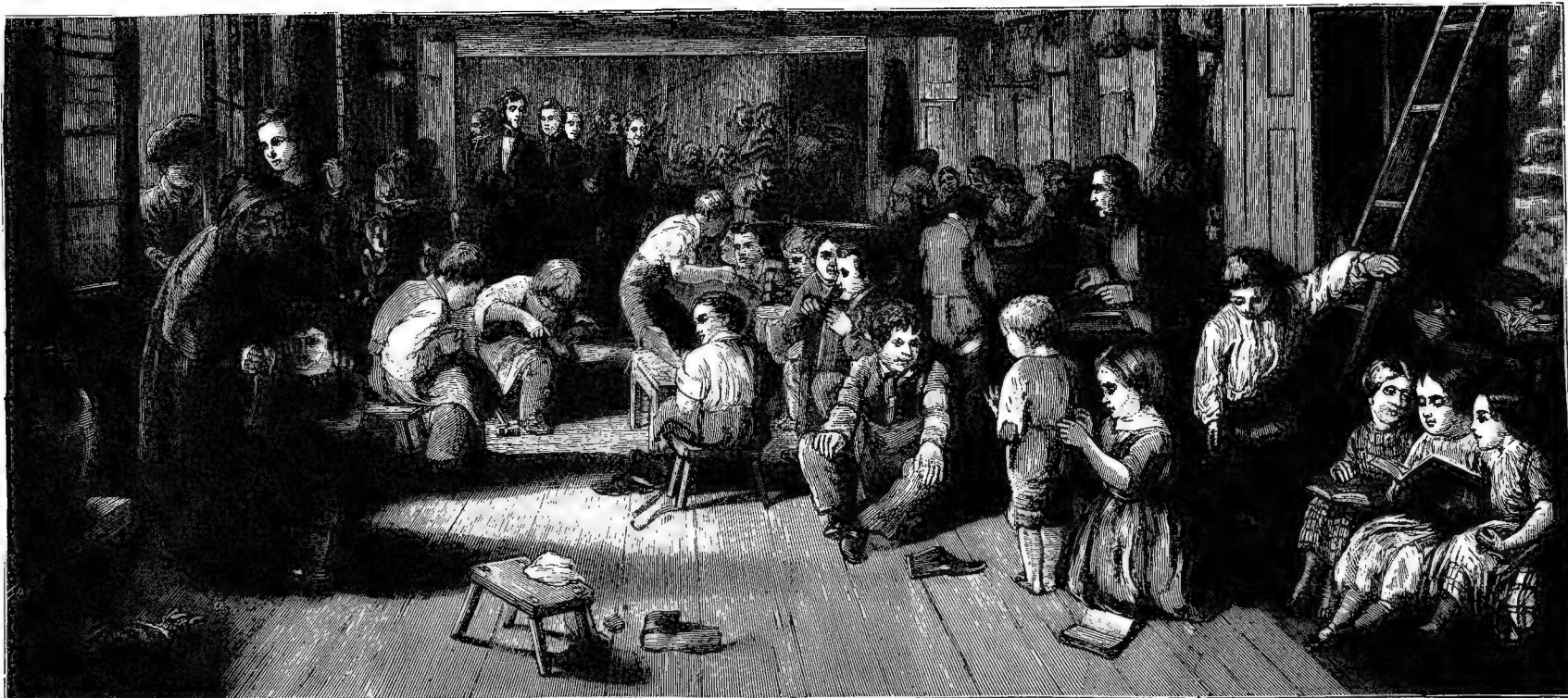
the reverse! I believe the movement of which this is a part has done more to strengthen and perpetuate the Church than any other cause, and the clergy of the Church, who have participated in these services, have gone far to rivet the hearts of the people to the Establishment." In May, 1867 the late Earl moved the second reading of the Clerical Vestments' Bill, which was intended to deal a blow at English Ritualists. Curiously enough, his Lordship was not very enthusiastic in favour of Mr. Disraeli's measure, the Public Worship Regulation Bill of 1874. He did not propose to vote against it; but professed to think that the time had gone by when it might have been effectual, as Ritualism had got too much ahead. He was also much opposed to the exclusion of the Bible from elementary schools, and expressed himself strongly on this subject when presiding in April, 1870, at a meeting of the National Education Union, denouncing the "sham Liberalism" which aimed at obtaining such exclusion. He was also much opposed to any revision of the Bible, preferring the old Authorised Version to any possible substitute. It is almost superfluous to state here what is sufficiently notorious already, that the noble Earl was president of numerous

(Continued on page 406)

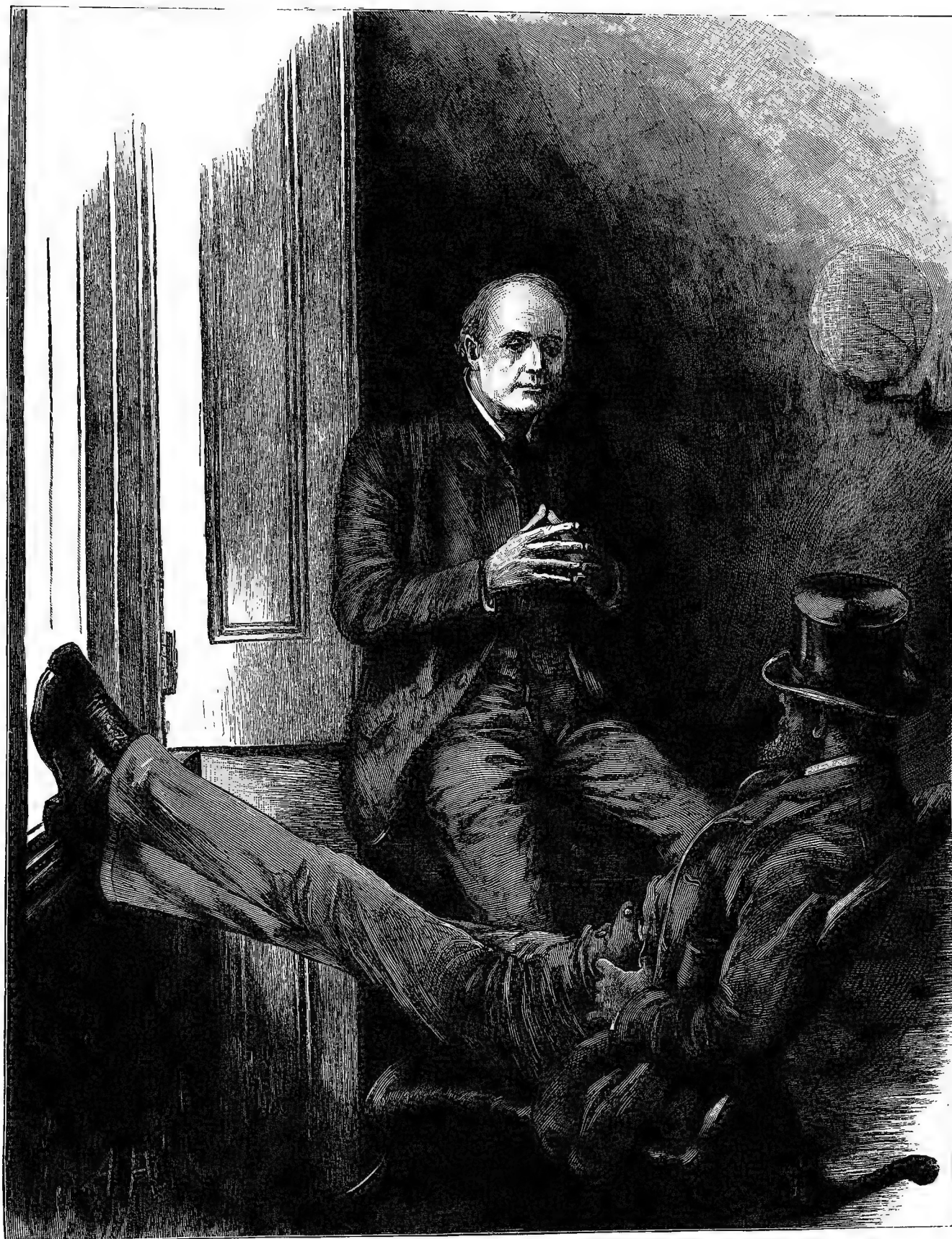


LORD SHAFTESBURY
From a Recent Photograph

contains an ornamental garden, a lecture hall, co-operative, and general stores. Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Disraeli, and Lord Granville were present at the inauguration, the Prime Minister expressing his



LORD SHAFTESBURY VISITING THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY, OLD FIVE STREET, 1846
From a Print of the Period



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Well," said Frost, drawing on the word. "Suppose I was to say, 'Dissolve partnership?'"

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

WITHOUT having any particular business to detain him in Brussels, apart from his pursuit of the pretty widow, which day by day became more exciting and hopeful, O'Rourke stayed on until it pleased Mrs. Spry to depart. When that lively lady had shopped extravagantly in the Montagne de la Cour and the Galeries de la Reine, when she had driven once or twice in the Bois de la Cambre, and the Parc Léopold, and had visited, under O'Rourke's escort, the Natural History Museum and the picture-galleries, she made up her mind that she had exhausted the little city, and pronounced it dull. She yawned at the theatres, which was but natural, since, though the pieces presented were of the brightest school of French comedy, and reasonably well played, she understood not a word of them. The season was over, the city was really settling down to its summer sleep, and the widow found herself hungering and thirsting after green fields and open spaces, where there were always to be found better opportunities for a bright and sustained flirtation than towns afford. She discharged her one little bit of actual business, and she set out on a bright afternoon in early June, with the constant O'Rourke in attendance, for Houfouy, having previously advised Angela of her coming by wire.

"I love to get letters," she explained to O'Rourke, "but I hate to write 'em. I think there's nothing nicer than to have the

breakfast-table really smothered with letters. It seems to make the day open so bright, doesn't it? But I do hate to write, and I don't get so many letters as I like. People are so selfish. They won't give anything for nothing, and if you don't write to them they won't write to you."

This speech was made in the waiting-hall of the railway station, whilst the widow and O'Rourke were wandering round the big circular book-stall, and the lady was busily gathering volumes of English fiction from the shelf, and laying them in her companion's hands.

"I reckon," she said, when O'Rourke was laden with about a score of volumes in the pale paper binding of Tauchnitz, "that ought to be enough to occupy one's leisure for a month. I ain't a greedy reader, and that's a fact; but I like variety. Sometimes I get a bit bored with a book, and then I put it down and take up another, and it's quite fresh again when I go back to it. Poor Mr. Spry used to notice the same thing about his coats, though I can't say I ever did about my dresses. But he used to say that when one of his coats was quite old he'd only got to lay it away a while, and it would come out fresh again. Will you just ask for me what I've to pay for these, Mr. O'Rourke, for I do pronounce so dreadful that I'm really ashamed to speak a word, if it's only to say, 'Com-bang?'"

O'Rourke was quite honest in his liking for this chirpy little

lady's conversation. It was not very brilliant or thoughtful, and though he himself was both when he chose to be, it pleased him. The saucy, turned-up nose, the expressive big eyes, the plump, enticing little figure, and the abiding sense of the speaker's dollars, made her the most charming of companions. Who wanted wisdom to fall from lips like Mrs. Spry's? Was it not enough to see the pretty little flexible corals parting and closing, with glimpses of ivory white behind them? They moved as prettily when they talked nonsense as they could possibly have done if Wisdom had dropped her choicest pearls and rubies from them.

O'Rourke performed his charming companion's bidding, Mrs. Spry paid for her purchases, and O'Rourke carried them to the railway carriage. She had fallen quite naturally into a way of ordering him about, and he had fallen quite naturally into a way of fetching and carrying for her. He was the most untiringly polite of men, and he fulfilled all her little orders with an air exclusively his own. He waited upon her hand and foot, but somehow, with his perfect Irish tact and good-humour, he seemed to evade the sense or seeming of service. Always in exact and precise time with his companion, with that eloquent listening faculty of his in constant play, he seemed the most delightful of cavaliers to the pretty widow. To have eloquence in speech is to have a great power, but to be able eloquently to listen is to have a power worth a hundred of it as a factor in the great art of pleasing. How was plump and pretty Mrs.

Spry to know that she talked nonsense, when this clever man was so unfeignedly charmed and interested by her conversation? And how much happier she was, to be sure, when O'Rourke's delightful manner flattered her into thinking that she must be clever, than she could have been if he had told her the truth about herself!

"Let me see now," said Mrs. Spry, holding her head on one side, and looking up at O'Rourke thoughtfully; "how long will it take this train to reach Houfouy?"

"It does not go on to Houfouy," returned O'Rourke. "It reaches Janenne in four hours and five minutes."

"I think you know everything, Mr. O'Rourke," said the lady, admiringly. Then, clasping her hands with a soft fervour, "Will you do me a favour, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Try me," said O'Rourke, with his own admirable mixture of jest and earnest.

"Will you go to the telegraph bureau, and write a telegram? In French, or these dreadful foreigners'll bungle it. From Mrs. Spry, Brussels, to Miss Angela Butler, The Chateau, Houfouy. To say that I shall be at—What's the name of the station?—at—When does the train get there?—And to ask her to meet me there. Because she might forget."

If O'Rourke experienced any internal unwillingness to fulfil this small commission, no sign of it appeared upon his smiling face, or in the obliging alacrity of his manner. He was, of course, fully prepared to encounter Miss Butler, and if Miss Butler were to experience any regret for the coldness his new hopes would compel him to display, he could not help himself or her. Maskelyne would shortly re-appear for her consolation, and in the mean time she could have no reproaches for O'Rourke. He had never gone too far to recede. He blessed his stars that he had not made the running so fast as he might have done, in face of the girl's evident willingness to meet him half way. What a blessing it was that he had given Maskelyne time to play that magnificent card of his!

Inspired by these thoughts, he wrote the telegram quite gaily, Mrs. Spry standing by his side and watching the pencil as it traced the French message as glibly as if it had been English. Then he talked to the telegraph clerk without the slightest linguistic difficulty. She liked to listen to his French, and contrasted his way of talking it with that of the natives. The cost of the message was paid from her purse—the pretty Russia leather and gold trifle was constantly passing from her hands to his and from his to hers—and they walked back together to the platform.

"Why, dear me," said Mrs. Spry, turning upon him suddenly, "how serious you look, Mr. O'Rourke."

"One is forced to be serious sometimes," he answered with a quick smile, "even when sadness is so out of place as it is here."

A serious fancy had just occurred to him. If Angela was jealous—and what woman would not be jealous when a man turned his regard from her suddenly, and without warning, to another woman?—she might tell Mrs. Spry unpleasant things. That kiss of the hand in the grotto for example. But O'Rourke, who was a man of great resource and readiness, saw an instant way of safety. It had been pitch dark in the grotto, and it would be easy enough to say, and even to swear, that the salute was Maskelyne's. At least, he was glad he had thought of it, for he could now be ready with the necessary air of surprised humour when the accusation came.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Mrs. Spry, with harmless raillery.

"Why should I sadden you with them?" O'Rourke asked in answer. "It is time to take our places. The train is about to start."

The platform had a busy air, but there were few first-class passengers, and once more O'Rourke and the pretty widow travelled alone.

"Were your thoughts so very sad, Mr. O'Rourke?" asked the lady.

"They are sad enough at times," he answered, with an artificial sigh, cunningly stifled.

"You are thinking of Ireland?" she said, leaning a little forward, and in looking up at him she showed off to the best advantage her big eyes, her dimpled chin, and her white throat with its bit of foamy lace about it. "Are you often sad about Ireland, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Sometimes," said O'Rourke. But he smiled as he spoke, as if the widow's presence extorted the smile, in spite of sadness.

"You can't have the patriot's crown without the thorns, Mr. O'Rourke," said Mrs. Spry.

"The crown?" he said. "That is hard to win, but the thorns are everywhere." He made a gesture with his hands, and smiled again. "May I look at your latest purchase?" he asked, taking up one of the books which lay beside her. The lady sighed.

"You have your companion spirits."

"Not many," he answered. If Mrs. Spry were inclined to be sentimental he did not see why he should baulk her fancy, and there was need of less delicacy and modesty with her than there would have been with anybody of keener perceptions. "To tell you the truth, there are not many amongst those who call themselves the friends of Ireland who really care for her. Politics is a game with most of them. They make themselves troublesome to the Government until the Government pays them to be quiet. When once they are paid we hear no more of their patriotism. I had hopes once upon a time, and even now I refuse to despair, but I hope against the grain."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Spry—the poetic accents breathed ever so little through the impudent little nose—"The harp that once," O'Rourke sighed. What with the mingled fun and triumph of the situation he could have laughed aloud, but he turned his head quickly away from the pretty widow to hide the fact that there was no moisture in his eyes, and looked out at the gliding landscape. Then Mrs. Spry sighed sympathetically, and laying one plump gloved hand over the other on her lap, she adapted her shoulder to the corner of the carriage and leaned back there. "It is a beautiful thing," she said, softly, "to be a patriot, all the same."

O'Rourke's own sense of the ridiculous was keen by nature and highly trained. It kept him here from playing his part with too much abandon. It crossed his mind that it would not be a bad stroke of business to pass his hand over his eyes in response to feminine sympathy. He let this inspiration go, however, and contented himself with looking out of window and drumming absently upon the pane for a moment or two, when, as if he roused himself from mournful thought, he turned a chastened smile upon his companion.

"May I look at your books?" he said.

"Certainly," she answered, taking up a loose double handful and handing them over to him. As she did so his eyes met hers, and he drew them away with a sad reluctance. Mrs. Spry blushed, and opened one of the paper-bound volumes.

"Ah!" cried O'Rourke, brightly, a moment later, "you have bought 'Fireflies,' I see."

"Yes," she answered, looking up with a faint memory of the blush still lingering in her eyes, "I heard a great deal of talk about it in London, and I want to see what it's like."

"A delightful book," said O'Rourke. "A lovely book."

"I must read it after that opinion," returned the lady, smilingly.

"The author," said O'Rourke, "is a dear friend of mine. He is staying at Janenne with his wife and their little boy. I am going down there to pay them a visit."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Spry, clasping her hands. "How delightful to know such people. Oh, how I do envy you that privilege."

"Well," said O'Rourke, in his brightest and best manner, "it is really a privilege to know Farley. Farley's a dear fellow. The simplest-hearted, simplest-minded, most delightful fellow. Keen as a needle when he sits at work, but a child in the world, with a most beautiful trust in everybody, and the most charming hopes for everybody. Quite a child-like nature, Farley has."

"Oh!" said the widow. "I adore those child-like natures. Don't you? I'm sure you do."

"You will be bound to meet him here," O'Rourke said, "and sure to like him. I believe that Miss Butler and Mrs. Farley are great friends. They are not old acquaintances, I fancy—indeed I believe I was present at their introduction to each other, only a week or two ago—but they seem to have been very pleasantly impressed with each other. I hope you'll like old Austin," he concluded, with his frank and boyish smile.

"I shall be afraid of him, I'm sure," cried the widow, hiding her face in her hands and surveying O'Rourke through her fingers.

"Afraid of him?" said O'Rourke, gaily.

"I'm sure I shall," declared the widow. "I—do you know, Mr. O'Rourke—?"

"Do I know—?"

"Oh, I ought never to have mentioned it," she said with a self-reproachful air.

"But you haven't mentioned it," returned O'Rourke, laughing.

"I was going to say," said the widow, shyly, "only I'm sure you'll think me so absurd—"

"There are times when it is pardonable to tell a lady that she—"

"That she what?"

"That she talks nonsense. It is nonsense to say I shall think you absurd."

"Oh, Mr. O'Rourke, you must have thought me absurd a thousand times already."

"What a mean opinion you have formed of my intelligence."

"Oh, Mr. O'Rourke!" She gave him an almost supplicating look. "What I was going to say was—you're sure you won't think it silly?"

"I am most profoundly certain that I cannot possibly think it silly."

"Oh!" cried the pretty widow, hiding her face in her hands again, and once more surveying her companion through her fingers, "I can't say it."

O'Rourke was greatly tempted to draw away the fingers, but he suppressed the inclination. Yet she was certainly wonderfully enticing, and the dollars ravished him into a sweet intoxication.

"Do tell me?" he said, leaning forward appealingly. He stretched out his hands a little as he spoke, and was not in the least disposed to check the admiration expressed in his eyes.

"No," said Mrs. Spry, shrinking back into the opposite corner. "Don't ask me!"

"Do tell me," pleaded O'Rourke, coming further forward still.

"I," said the pretty widow. "I—I was afraid of you at first." She blushed prodigiously at this avowal, and dropping her hands before her she turned her head away. O'Rourke caught her hands and held them for a moment.

"Of me?" he said tenderly.

And here—since they were alone in the carriage, and had still a good twenty miles to go before they reached their first stopping point—no man can say how rapidly and how happily O'Rourke's fate might have been decided, if only the adventure had happened to him in England, where the guards refrain from walking about the outside of their trains during transit. But at this instant the door swung open, and the ticket collector entered, and having with a perfect stony gravity punched their tickets, swung himself out through the door on the other side of the carriage, and went on his way with a broad grin. O'Rourke saw the grin, and for a moment, though he was a fairly good-tempered man as a general thing, he felt vengeful. The obvious impossibility of pursuing the ticket collector along the footboard did nothing to assuage his anger for the time.

The widow took up a book and slid into another corner. O'Rourke saw that the lucky moment had gone by, and that, for the present at least, there was no recalling it. It might come again, but it might take weeks, even months to work up to it, and it might even never come again at all. He had been almost certain of her, and none the less certain because she had no reason to suppose that he was aware of the existence of the dollars. Now he was chilled, and ready to think of anything that happened to be unpleasant, and to have a threat of possible disaster in it. Mrs. Spry was going to meet Angela, and to have been sure of her before any jealous hints or revelations could have become between her and himself would have been perfect.

Altogether this small disaster dashed O'Rourke's high spirits strangely, and left him ill at ease, and without momentary resource. He had felt perfectly equal to the necessary meeting with Angela, and now it looked uncomfortable to him.

"I must wait and have patience," he said at length, when he had rallied his forces a little. "It was too good a thing to be hoped for that I should have won so early. And—unless I am the greatest ass alive—I do stand a chance after all."

CHAPTER XXII.

"I SHOULD like," said Mr. Frost, in his American-Irish tones. "I should particularly like to know what your individual caper really is."

"Make your desires a little clearer," returned Mr. Zeno. I speak English tolerably well, I think, but I have yet to learn American. Try English."

The two were seated in Frost's dingy apartment. The tenant of the room was better dressed than usual, his clothes were better brushed, and his linen was stiffer and whiter than ordinary. A tall shiny silk hat, cocked lazily over one eye gave him a rakish air, and as he leaned back in a broken-down rocking chair with his heels on the window sill, he contemplated the trim and well polished boots which ornamented his feet with a look of obvious satisfaction. The evening sun shone full through the dirty uncurtained window, and gave his hollow skin an unaccustomed glow.

"Try English," said Mr. Zeno again, after a little pause. "Translate, for example, 'my individual caper.' What is an individual caper? You ask me what is mine."

"What do you want to get at, at all?" demanded Frost. "What do you want to know? What do you want to do?"

"I want to know and to do many things," returned Zeno, posturing with his hips as he stood at a little distance from his companion's side, and regarding his own attitudes with great attention as they were reflected in the cracked mirror above the mantelshelf. "Come to your point, my good friend. Be more precise. What do you want to know? What do you want to do?"

"You don't put your head into the lion's mouth and hold it there for nothing," said Frost, turning a shifty glance upon him. "You could know every movement that old madman makes, if that's your only game, without putting your own skin in danger for a second. There ain't a thing he does that I don't know, or couldn't know if I wanted to, and what I know you could know at a very slight monetary expenditure."

"My dear friend," returned Mr. Zeno with a smile, which showed with curious effect the great gaps between his teeth, "there is nothing unpleasant—by the way, that is a very bad word surely. Let me say there is nothing less pleasant, or more

unpleasant, than to be troubled by responsibilities for which you are not answerable. When it is quite needful that you should be burdened with my secrets—if it should ever be quite needful—I shall lay their weight upon your shoulders with regret. Until it shall become needful, my dear friend, I would not for the world you should be wearied with them."

"Well," said Frost, drawing on the word. "Suppose—I want to put it in a friendly spirit—suppose I was to turn sensitive. Suppose I was to say I couldn't find it in my heart to work with a partner who mistrusted me. Suppose I was to say, 'Dissolve partnership?'"

"Suppose that?" said Zeno, falling into a fencing attitude, and lunging at an imaginary opponent. "If you said so."

"Well," Frost continued, drawing on the word again, "is there anything to prevent me from going into business on my own account?"

"Is there anything to prevent you from betraying me?" asked Zeno, with a light and conversational tone. "That is what you mean, dear friend?" Frost was silent, but he removed his feet from the window sill, and swerved round in his rocking-chair so as to command a view of his companion. Zeno being still engaged in his imaginary bout at foils, did not look at him, but went on airily. "Something, my good Frost. Much. I may go so far as to say, Everything."

"I don't see it," said Frost. "Just tell me a thing or two. It may be worth your while."

"Very well," returned Zeno, "very well. In the first place I am the goose that lays you a paper or a golden egg to the value of ten pounds sterling every week. I am the goose that may one day lay you a much plumper egg than that, and will if you do not turn also goose before your time. In the next place, you are the only man that knows me. And it would be so awkward to have it thought amongst my friends that you had sold me to the Brotherhood. Some of them do not respect the law at all. There are some amongst them so warm-hearted, so fond of me, that even on the bare supposition of a possibility—there is beautiful English for you! Where was I?—there are some who, even on the bare supposition of a possibility of treason, would be very angry, even dangerous."

Mr. Zeno having ended this speech in a soft, regretful voice, as if he mourned over the ill-guided enthusiasm of his allies, turned suddenly on Frost, with a gap-toothed smile, gave a dancing step or two, and dropped into a chair facing his companion, with his hands upon his knees.

"Let me point out to you another thing, dear Frost," he continued, seeing that Frost kept silence. "There is nobody in the Brotherhood who suspects your intimacy with me? Tell me that?"

"Everybody knows I know you," Frost answered, with an affectation of gruff contempt.

"Oh, yes," said Zeno. "Everybody knows you know Vroblewskoff, but does anybody know that you know me? Me? Me?" He tapped himself upon the breast with a distinctly jocose and waggish smile.

"I guess," said Frost, "it would be unsafe for me if they did. But you can't tell 'em, anyhow."

"No, my dear friend, that is not the point," said the smiling Zeno. "The point is this. You are of the Brotherhood, trusted by everybody, and you sell the Brotherhood to me. For certain pay, present and prospective, you watch certain members of the Brotherhood, who trust you profoundly. Now suppose, for certain pay, present and prospective, other members of the Brotherhood, who are trusted by you profoundly, are watching you? Suppose I hold every string in my hand, and not yours only? Suppose I could have you denounced to-day, and disappear myself to set a new man at my work? My good Frost, do not you be foolish. You are young at this work, I am old at it. A secret society is always composed of two or three men who are in earnest, and of others who want money or the worth of money. Secret societies are founded by fools for the profit of the wise, who sell the fools when they have grown to look important."

"You're a clever dog," said Frost, with a flying glance at him. "But, in one breath, I'm the only man that knows you—the only man that could betray you—and in another everybody knows you, and everybody is in your pay."

"Well," returned Zeno, "very well. You know the man in the photograph. You know Athanos Zeno. Nobody else knows Athanos Zeno, my good Frost. If Athanos Zeno is betrayed, he is betrayed by George Frost. Is it worth while to talk of this any longer? Do you think that I am not content with carrying my life in my own hand, and that I put it into yours? Do you think that I am young enough, and foolish enough, to trust anybody without a check? Let me tell you why I employed you. I saw that you were clever, cunning, without scruple, and without courage. It is not a good thing always to choose a man without courage, but it is a good thing in your case, because when you know that your life hangs upon your good faith, you will be very faithful. Now, is it really worth while to talk of this any longer?"

"I own up," said Mr. Frost, "I was an ass."

"I shall not trust you a bit more if you own up, as you call it," said Zeno, tranquilly. "I shall not trust you a bit less. I shall not trust you less for this talk, because I have never trusted you. I shall not trust you any more, because I never trust anybody. I am obliged to be in danger. I am paid to be in danger. But I arrange it so that all who share my confidence share my danger, and I have always found that to be a very useful little arrangement. Now, really shall we talk of this thing any more? Is it worth while?"

"You're not such a fool," Frost answered, evidently ill at ease beneath Mr. Zeno's smile, "you're not such a fool as to suppose that I'm going to throw up a tolerable safety such as I've got hold of. I ain't the man to quarrel with my rations, nor yet to get my skin pierced while I can keep it whole. I was a fool to threaten you, but I wanted to know your game, and that was all. If I ain't going to be let know it, I'm placable."

"Then," said Zeno, "we will go out and have some dinner. And you shall pay for the dinner, and for a bottle of the admirable champagne of Pommery-Greno, because you have been a fool. Only one bottle, because we must have our heads clear for this evening. Eh, my Frost?"

"I'm game for that," said Frost, with the most gracious look he could assume at such short notice. "Are you going to take your parcel with you?"

"Ah! The parcel," said Zeno. "The parcel is your affair. I had forgotten. This is a little invention of your own. You will bring it under the attention of the committee this evening, and it will secure you a little praise, I can assure you."

"What is it?" Frost demanded, rising from his arm-chair and placing himself against the wall.

"Ha, ha!" cried Zeno, with a laugh, "you have divined its nature. What a cunning fellow it is, and what a courageous fellow it is."

"I say, look here," said the other, shrinking closer against the wall, "you haven't got any of that stuff here, have you? I can't stand it, Zeno. I won't—"

"What?" cried Zeno, laying a hand upon Frost's collar. "You call me by that name, you fool! You are frightened, are you? and you forget, do you, my poor Frost? Never be frightened again, will you? Please! Never forget again, will you? Please!"

"I hate the stuff," Frost declared. "I can't bear to be about it."

"Do not mind the stuff, dear Frost," said Mr. Zeno, tightening his hold on Frost's collar. "Mind me, if you please. You will be very sorry if you call me by that name again, dear friend. I shall be sorry also, but it is you who will be sorriest."

He smiled hideously as he said this, and Frost squeezed himself backward as if he would fain get into the wall.

"I won't forget again," he said, stammeringly. "But I hate the stuff. I wish you wouldn't bring it here."

"Pooh, you fool!" returned Zeno, with a brutal disregard of his friend's sensitiveness. "What harm is there in this?" He released Frost, and, crossing over to the other side of the room, took from the sofa an unsuspecting-looking parcel wrapped in brown paper. Setting this upon the table, he proceeded to untie the knotted string which surrounded it, grinning and grimacing at his companion as he worked at the knots with his fingers. Frost glued himself to the wall, and stared at the parcel with an involuntary batting of the eyes. When at last the knots were conquered, the paper wrappings removed, and the contents exposed, he gave a sigh of relief, and wiped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Well," he said, with a ghastly attempt at a jocular air and tone, "there ain't any harm in that, so far as I see." Zeno held up before him a packet of half-a-dozen books, held together by a double strap, and differing slightly in size. Fastened to the two straps was a loop of sewn leather by which the parcel could be conveniently carried. "I don't know," said Frost, "what you should want to scare me for. I've told you over and over again I can't bear the mere sight of it."

"Come here," said Zeno, laying the packet on the table and unfastening the buckles; "I have something to show you." Frost approached with a slow swagger of unconcern, through which still showed the signs of his recent terror. Zeno, having laid down the straps on either side, opened the topmost volume. "A dictionary," he said, "of French and English." He fluttered over the first two or three score leaves.

"Well," said Frost, "where's your invention?"

"Here," replied Zeno, and turning over another score of leaves, revealed the top of a tin box, displaying at the same time the fact that the interior part of the leaves was cut clean away, and that the apparent bundle of books was but a case. He lifted the dictionary, and some two inches of the tin box stood clear. Then he lifted the second book, which was smaller than the first, and held it up, a mere oblong frame. Then he drew out the tin case itself, and balanced it in his hand, before Frost, who retired so rapidly that he fell over a chair backwards. "Get up, you fool," said Zeno. "It is empty." Frost arose, rubbing the back of his head, which had come smartly in contact with the wall.

"I don't know," he said, "what you want to scare me for."

"Why," returned Zeno, "showing the gaps in his teeth again, 'it is right that you should know that you are a coward.'"

"There are some men," said Frost, rising slowly, "that can't stand snakes. I ain't sweet on snakes myself, but I'd sooner go to bed with a hoghead of 'em than be in the same room with dynamite. And outside that, I don't know that I'm such a champion coward as you take me for. It's a natural repugnance. That's what it is—a natural repugnance. I've read of men that have that same precise kind of feelin' in respect to cats, and roses, and all manner of things that you and me don't mind at all."

"Well," said Zeno, smiling still, "this is your invention, my brave Frost. I make you a present of the idea. You observe," he restored the tin box to its place again, and strapped the innocent-looking volumes together as he spoke; "you observe that there is not the least suspicion about this. If one of your friends, who does not share your natural repugnance, should want to cross the Channel with anything that should not be observed, this may be useful to him."

"Yes," replied Frost, taking the parcel in his hand and weighing it. "It looks innocent enough. It's an ingenious idea, and I should think it would act. But it won't hold much."

"If, on the same day," replied Mr. Zeno, "twenty different men left twenty different Continental ports, and arrived at twenty different English ports with a similar contrivance, they would carry a good deal."

"That's true," said Frost, "that's true. But what do you want to help dynamite into England for? That's no part of your game."

"It will be part of my game to know who carries the parcels, and by what ports they enter," Zeno answered, with a smile which looked uglier than ever.

"Oh! I see," said Frost. "But I thought—"

"You are growing curious again, good Frost. Do not grow curious again. Do not. Please!"

"Give me my orders, then," replied Frost, sullenly. "They're all I want to know."

"You will produce your invention this evening," said Zeno. "You will advise its immediate employment. The pretended book parcels can be made up anywhere. You can carry the necessary books over with you, and can cut out the insides, and fit in the tin boxes in Paris."

"I'm not in that show," Frost interrupted rapidly; "I'm on English service."

"Very well. Your friends can do it, then. The date of departure can be fixed beforehand—of departure from the Continental ports, I mean. Each man must know from what port he is to sail, and at what port he is to arrive. Let me know all their names, their ports of departure and arrival, and the date. That is all you need to attend to for the moment. And now shall we go to dinner?"

Frost picked up the shiny hat, which had fallen to the floor, and, brushing it on his elbow with a thoughtful air, glanced twice or thrice at Zeno.

"Shall we go to dinner?" Zeno asked again.

"I'm thinkin'," said Frost, "that this especial bird will not enter the arena, and if he did, he would not fight when he got there."

"Translate, my friend, translate," said Zeno.

"It might have acted," said Frost, still brushing at his hat, and now and then stealing a glance at his companion, "it might have acted last week. It might even have acted the night afore last. But that old mudhead of a Dobroski has got 'em for the moment dead set against it. And they're after him to a man, or pretty nearly."

"Why, what is this?" cried Zeno.

"There was a meeting the night before last," said Frost; "and Dobroski was there. Sullivan, who's the bloodthirstiest of the whole bloodthirsty assortment, wanted to do a score of simultaneous explosions. Up gets Dobroski, and swears he won't have it. Says he won't make war against the innocent. Says he won't run an indiscriminate Malay muck against the wide, wide world. Says it's indecent, and improper, and indiscreet, and likely to bring the Cause into general disrepute with respectable people. Says he wants to kill off all the tyrants privately, and enlist the sympathies of the Church-going community, while he prepares his plans for a general assault against authority everywhere, and all along the line. Then Brennan gets on his hind legs, and swears Dobroski's in the right. Then up gets Faulkland on the same lay. Then the whole boiling got converted, bar Sullivan, and took to hymn singin', and passed a resolution that they would only lay out for the slaughter of crowned heads, and commanders-in-chief, and such-like. In short, sir, the trade in explosives is in a bad way for the moment."

Zeno sat down, and looked hard at Frost. "Is this true?" he asked, when the other had finished.

"True as the rule of three," said Frost. "I reckon," he added shyly, after a pause, "that the old man himself was to have carried one of them parcels."

"Perhaps," returned Zeno, rising suddenly. "But if he will not, my good Frost. And now, shall we go to dinner?"

(To be continued)



AMONG the valuable and instructive books by eminent authors in the "Citizen Series" (Macmillan), we now have "The Punishment and Prevention of Crime," by Colonel Sir Edmund F. Du Cane, who holds more than one important office in connection with prisons. He deals not only with the economy and working of modern prisons, but treats of the history of his subject, relating with interesting detail the progress made, from Saxon times down to to-day, in mitigating the harshness and cruelty of our old criminal law. As an instance of the neglect and filth to which prisoners were formerly abandoned, he mentions the Black Assizes at Oxford in 1577. Then the Lord Chief Baron, the Sheriff, and 300 more, died within forty hours from the fearful disease communicated to the Court by the prisoners brought up for trial before it. He also quotes Lord Bacon, who called "the smell of the gaol the most pernicious infection next to the plague. When prisoners have been long and close and nastily kept, whereof we have had in our times experience twice or thrice, both judges that sat upon the trial, and numbers of them that attended the business or were present, sickened upon it or died." What Colonel Du Cane tells about transportation as formerly practised is strange reading, and his statistics and facts as to penal servitude, reformatories, and industrial schools should be useful to the student of social science.

Mr. Gordon S. Forbes, Madras C.S. (retired), takes us into a region of India not very widely known in his "Wild Life in Canara" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). The writer was some forty years ago charged with the revenue and administration of that portion of Canara which runs for about fifty miles along the frontier of Goa and Belgaum, and lies between Mysore and the Western sea-coast of Hindostan. Without pretending to any literary brilliancy, he takes the reader over comparatively new ground. He writes naively, and gives simply those of his reminiscences which he deems worthy of record. Among these is the fact that an alligator, when shot in the throat, is in the habit of ejecting whatever it may have in its stomach, from a terrier to small rocks. The coloured illustrations, if not works of art, afford a fair idea of what must be a beautiful country.

A very prettily written work is "The Ministry of Flowers" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), by the Rev. Hilderic Friend, F.L.S. He endeavours to extract, not altogether unsuccessfully, from a study of nature some thoughts respecting life. He deals with human life generally, with the evils of life, the virtues of life, and finally with the various features of life. He manages, while moralising and striving to improve his readers, to convey much valuable and interesting botanical information. What he tells us about our historical trees, and about the wonderful instincts of plants, is very suggestive and pleasing reading. To all who have a penchant for floriculture and arboriculture this will probably prove a charming volume.

Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co. publish "The Diary of an Actress." This professes to treat of the realities of stage life, and the introduction is written by the Rev. H. C. Shuttlesworth, M.A. The actress has evidently seen a great deal of stage life in London and the provinces. She went regularly to church on Sunday, and was regularly exposed on the part of anonymous and admiring strangers to temptation which she steadfastly resisted. Her object in writing is double: to show that the life of the stage is not all "cakes and ale," but one of strenuous effort, and often of privation and anxiety; further, that the large number of theatrical families are of a high degree of respectability. This will scarcely be news to any well-informed man or woman. Still there are folk to whom this lady's book will convey information.

Messrs. Livingtons have just published three historical manuals for the young: "The Story of Switzerland," by Miss Theresa Melville Lee; "The Story of Russia," by Mr. M. E. Benson; and the "Story of Norway," by Charlotte S. Sidgwick. They are all very much in the style of "Little Arthur's History of England"; and of the first two we think we prefer "The Story of Switzerland" in the matter of its handling; but possibly the uncouth Russian names and a more or less mythical early history do not readily lend themselves to simple treatment. Of the "Story of Norway" we may say that the legendary history of the Vikings and their successors is told in a not uninteresting manner, though the jerky, ultra-colloquial style of the author is capable of amendment. We would remark also that the "Skilling" coinage is now practically obsolete, and that Norwegian ponies are stopped and not urged forward by the sound *pr-r-r-r*. It may be doubted whether histories for very young children do much good unless the authors are thoroughly competent. False impressions about facts may be made, which a more scientific teaching finds it hard to eradicate. Still, all these stories are pleasingly told, and many folk of all ages will probably derive profit from their perusal.

We can heartily praise a brochure, by the author of "Lois Leggett," entitled "What Is a Lady?" and published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co., at one shilling. The author writes on good manners, self-control, refinement, and so on. Young ladies in every degree of the social scale might do worse than study carefully and take to heart the kindly and sensibly given advice they will find here. The author winds up her excellent little work thus: "What is a lady? It would be a happy day for our country when the answer to that question could be, *All the women of England are ladies*."

Mr. Arthur Crump is the author of "A Short Inquiry into the Formation of Political Opinion from the Reign of the Great Families to the Advent of Democracy" (Longmans). As is not uncommon with brief investigations, the matter of this volume is almost as dreary and long-winded as is its title-page. The cover of the book is divided by a transverse white band into two divisions, the one red, and the other blue, with this inscription: "As the blue is to red, so is the duration of Liberal Governments since the Reform Bill of 1832 to the Conservative." The most useful portion of the volume is a coloured diagram, which shows the duration of Liberal and Conservative Administrations from the beginning of the century. The rest consists of more or less dull dissertations on "The Value of Individual Political Opinion," "One-Man Power," "Liberal Converts," and so on, which are not redeemed by the originality of thought with which a threadbare subject might have been graced.

Mr. John Raven handles a cognate subject in "The Parliamentary History of England from the Passing of the Reform Bill of 1832" (Elliot Stock). He does not, like Mr. Crump, undertake to be argumentative and didactic; but he places before the student of history concisely and readably the main features in the legislation of the last fifty years. He does not pretend to a complete record. That would be manifestly impossible in 336 octavo pages; but he supplies the leading features and principles of the various measures that have been passed since the first Reform Bill. The narrative is a continuous one, ranging on from Session to Session. The divisions which have decided the fates of Cabinets are duly recorded. Complete lists of the names of the members of all the Cabinets in the period traversed are given. At the end of the book is an apparently complete index of its contents. Mr. Raven seems to

have rendered an important service to politicians by providing them with a handy and compact manual for reference.

Mr. Percy Lindley has edited "Walks in Epping Forest." As he points out in his introductory notice, the average Londoner feels no pride in the fact that he can lose himself with great facility in his own forest, half-an-hour from the Bank of England. So he has set himself the task of showing how much beauty of woodland scenery is to be found in this fine expanse of Essex. This tract of country is described as it was in historic times and as it is to-day. There is a map of the Forest, and there are many excellent woodcuts. The principal inns and hotels are mentioned, as well as all the best routes, by following which the sylvan scenery may be properly enjoyed. The editor has evidently done his utmost to help others in those rambles which he has undertaken himself, and the result is a delightful guide and companion book for those who care to vary the monotony of town pleasures by walks in an easily accessible and lovely country.

Mr. Maurice C. Hime has been for many years Head Master of Foyle College, Londonderry, and he has recently given to the world his impressions of scholastic life in "A Schoolmaster's Retrospect" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.). A "Mr. Feeder" but lately recorded the sorrows of an "usher." Mr. Hime is less amusing, but more intensely earnest in his exposure of some of the burdens, difficulties, and duties of a head master. For instance, while some parents send their cheques regularly, and never complain, others constantly worry the schoolmaster, and darkly hint that they will take their boys from under his care. Assistant-masters are not all that they should be. The author has evidently had much experience in the pedagogic art, and has thought long and seriously of the requirements of his work. His retrospect will probably, therefore, be interesting to his brethren in the profession he pursues, and may be useful to parents who would brush up the memories of their boyhood, and obtain a fresh glimpse of what is behind the scenes of school life.

"To Be or Not To Be" (George Routledge and Sons) is the title of a handy scrap-book for marriage records, which has been arranged by Mr. W. Grey-Wilson, C.C.S. The left-hand page is headed "To Be;" the right-hand, "Not to Be." Amongst the "bye-laws" for this amusing conceit are: "1. Select any page of the book. 2. If you believe in, or intend to live in, single blessedness, write your name on a right-hand page." Further, a would-be Benedict inscribes his on a left-hand page, adding within how many years he will enter the marriage state. There are blank spaces for the authoritative record of apostasies. Each page is adorned with appropriate quotations from the poets. To many young ladies, "To Be or Not To Be" would be a welcome present.

HELIGOLAND

"It is difficult enough" (writes a correspondent) "in these latter days for a holiday traveller to get off the beaten tracks, on this side at least of Tartary or Thibet. Year after year the mob of fashion and the *moutons de Panurge* who follow the rank and the money, and frequent the extinct volcanoes of *rouge et noir*, and drink all manner of waters *sans besoin*, congregate at the same places, and lead the same lives they led in London. They dress, they flirt, they amble and gambol, just as they did on the banks of the Thames, and breathe the same atmosphere of gossip, scandal, and small talk. So much for the crowd, but there are a few modest exceptions to the rule, who, without affecting any sort of superiority or cynicism, or posing as Alcestes or as Timons, would fain find a refuge, not a solitude, in the midst of some unconventional community, where a man may live his own life, and even abstain from lawn tennis with impunity. Well, there is such a spot to be found within a couple of days' journey from the English shore."

"You may go by Calais or by Flushing to Hamburg by land, or all the way by sea. Overland to Hamburg is an affair of four or five-and-twenty hours; over sea, of thirty-six to forty, by one of the General Steam Navigation Company's boats. I cannot say much for the outward appearance of these boats; they are by no means smart, or even very clean-looking; the crews might be mistaken for decayed bricklayers; but they are well commanded, punctual in their passages in all weathers, and, if not luxurious or particularly comfortable below, are tolerable so far as the steward's department is concerned. The table is plentiful enough, if somewhat rough and coarse, and the sleeping cabins, if stinted in space, are not incapable of being slept in."

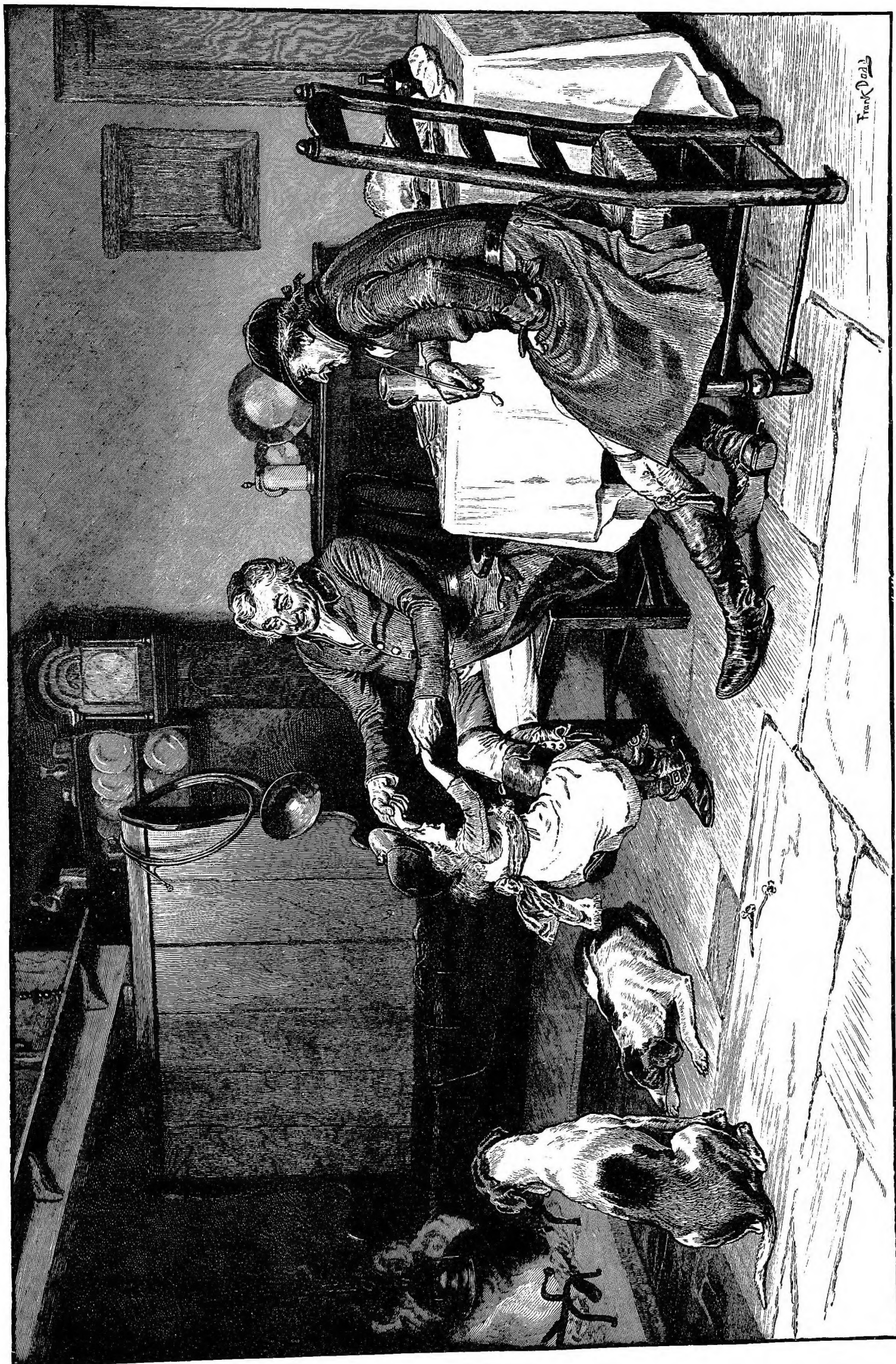
"Hamburg, need I say, is one of the richest, gayest, and pleasantest cities in Germany, and the living is of the best, though it was not on account of its culinary resources that an incorrigible Cockney compared it to London for the pre-eminence of its 'Spices and Pond.' Certainly, with its old mediæval houses that have survived the fire, its massive modern streets, its churches, its famous Alster Lake, its imposing public buildings, its handsome theatres and hotels, its number and variety of public gardens, and its general air of wealth, activity, prosperity, and pleasure, Hamburg is a most enjoyable city. From Hamburg there has been plying this summer to Heligoland a new steamer, constructed and engined on the Elbe, and fitted up internally on the model of the famous *Iona* and *Columbia* of the Clyde. The *Freia*, as she is called, is a paddle steamer; she has airy and spacious saloons and smoking room, a restaurant below, a covered corridor round the upper deck; she is well officered, and manned by a crew who have the dress and the bearing of seamen and not of decayed bricklayers; her supercargo, who gives the tickets, changes money, and supplies information, is courtesy itself; the arrangements of the restaurant are almost all that can be desired. In six hours, from the Quay of St. Paul's you are in the roadstead of Heligoland. As soon as she comes within distance the *Freia*'s signals her number of passengers, so that the proper number of boats (each licensed to carry so many) may be available as soon as she drops anchor."

"As we come near the three national colours of the island—the green of her 'land,' the red of her cliffs, the white of her sand shine out; and a couple of toy towns, one above and one nestling below the cliff, with the population of a beehive thronging the beach and the green pier, spring into view. The arrangements for landing passengers are perfect, and without hindrance or delay our freight of 180 excursionists from Berlin are easily and safely transferred to the shore-boats (each boat flying the Union Jack), whilst their luggage is separately lowered and deposited in a store, thence to be removed by licensed porters to the respective lodgings and hotels. Nothing could be livelier or more agreeable than the aspect of the beach; the Heligoland boatmen, fine, healthy, sturdy fellows, all dressed in striped calico jerseys, busy and active in attendance on the passengers, and a crowd of visitors lounging on the esplanade, while an orchestra in a kiosk is playing a brilliant waltz."

"One cannot fail to be struck with the good manners of visitors and natives alike; no obtrusive curiosity, no rowdy chaff, no vulgar horse-play; but a genial air of welcome and good cheer. *Apropos* of the good manners of the natives: one evening we went to see the national dance of the Heligolanders at a popular ball in the Upper Town. The room was crowded with dancers and with lookers-on. Several visitors, ladies, and children were present. The young women of the island, shop-girls, waitresses, lodging keepers, wives and daughters of the fishermen, all joined heartily in the dancing, and were whirled round with indomitable spirit by their partners, while the band, in which instruments of percussion predominated, played fast and furiously. I have never seen more graceful or more natural



"WILD FLOWERS"
DRAWN BY E. J. WALKER



"TALLY HO! OFF WE GO"
FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK DADD, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

abandonment to the spirit of the dance, but there was not a sign of disorder or indecorum, and the gaiety was as harmless as it was spontaneous and hearty.

"The principal street curiously resembles Old London at the 'Inventories,' and we take our places in the new lift, which has superseded the ascent of 160 steps, to mount to the Upper Town, where our lodgings are secured. Our abode is a cottage of one storey, with a deep tiled roof, and our rooms are as scrupulously clean and polished as the deck of a man-of-war. A bedroom which (the bed being in a recess) becomes a comfortable sitting-room by day, with cottee and a light roll and excellent butter early in the morning, cost two-and-sixpence a day; the Küir, or visitors' tax, is four shillings the first week for each person, and something less proportionately for a family, and is charged on a sliding scale for each day after a week.

"Your way of life in Heligoland is as follows:—Coffee at eight; take boat across to Sandy Island and bathe there; breakfast at Pavilion on the spot; return and stroll on beach while band is playing; 'upstairs,' if your lodging is on the cliff, for a *siesta*; to the pier for incoming steamer with the mails; write or read at Conversation House; take a sail round the island, or off the land for fishing; back in time for the promenade and orchestra on the beach; dinner at 6.30; look in at the little theatre, where there is a capital performance every evening from 7.30 to 9; to Conversation House for music; and, twice a week and on Sundays, to see the dancing; and so 'upstairs' again to bed. Of course this routine is considerably varied in practice by visits to the ever-hospitable Government House, by 'constitutionals' round the island, by exploring sea caves, by strolling through the little toy-streets, and shopping. For there are excellent shops of all kinds, mostly furnished from Hamburg; shops where, I am sorry to say, they sell hats and muffs from the spoils of the sea birds, amber and coral ornaments from the Baltic, sealskin slippers, and all manner of souvenirs of Heligoland; besides hairdressers, fruiterers, grocers, tobacconists, fishmongers, purveyors of food, drinks, flowers, waterproofs, and 'English goods.' The island is amply provisioned from Hamburg and Bremen, and as every morsel of meat, every plank, stone, tile, slate, and brick of which the houses are built is brought from the mainland, you may suppose that there is not much leisure for loafing, and that the islanders are an active and hard-working race.

"The numerous hotels and restaurants drive a roaring trade during the ten weeks' season, for your Teuton is a Gargantuan consumer; and here he seems to be eating and drinking gigantically all day long. If the cuisine is not quite Parisian, it is wholesome and abundant, and such reasonable dishes as a *bouillon*, a choice of soups, a mutton or veal cutlet, or a beef steak, with various sauces and vegetables, a potato or lettuce salad, an omelette, and a confection of fruit are always attainable, and well served; the wine list (if you are wise enough to choose the lowest priced) is as good as that of any ordinary French hotel, and the charges are moderate. No wonder they drive so brisk a trade, for the eager and buoyant air of the North Sea is decidedly stimulating to the most jaded appetite.

"Every day one is more and more impressed with the healthy looks, the simple dignity of bearing, and the good manners of this interesting little Anglo-Frisian colony. There is scarcely any crime or vice here; the lock-up is almost always empty; and the single magistrate's jurisdiction is occupied almost wholly with the small disputes among a community singularly quick at mental arithmetic, and fond of a certain harmless sort of litigation, which does not go much beyond arguing.

"One of the peculiar attractions of this island to a Londoner, habitually pursued and persecuted by vans and cabs, is the total absence of wheeled vehicles, and the absolute certainty of not being run over in the streets. Some of the oldest inhabitants here have never set eyes upon a horse. I have not yet seen so much as a perambulator, though infants are by no means scarce. We are all on a level, and enjoy perfect equality down to the ground. No heedless nobleman or bloated plutocrat splashes us as he rolls by with his chariot wheels, and we do not require the services of the solitary policeman to dodge us across a street five yards wide. No piano-organs, no peripatetic German bands, no itinerant sandwichmen, even the very dogs, cats, and fowls have a happy habit of holding their peace. The streets in the Upper Town remind one of bits of Yarmouth, but the houses, looking as if they had just come from the wash, the polished floors, the flowers in the clean windows, and the tiny strips of garden, are more like models of Dutch villages in miniature. The drainage is rather primitive in its simplicity, but apparently innocuous, to judge by the clear blue eyes and rosy cheeks of the children, and the death-rate is an undeniable testimony to the quality of the air. Here it is not infancy but old age that dies; and in a population of two thousand or so there are some forty christenings and some forty burials year by year.

"Let me add that the government of this fortunate island is administered with admirable good sense, and in a manner to do honour to the British flag. The natives, however grateful to their worthy German neighbours as their constant providers and visitors, are ethnologically nearer to the *Angles* than to the Germans, but are more than content to remain Heligolanders, pure and simple, under the mild and peaceful sway and benevolent protection of the Island-Empire of the Sea."



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—Nos. 42 and 43 of "Weekes and Co.'s Series of Glee, Part-Songs, &c.," are respectively, "A Song of the Silent Land," the beautiful words by Longfellow, music by Louis N. Parker, which will prove a welcome addition to the family fireside; it is an unaccompanied part-song for four voices. Although not equal in merit to the above, "Gentle Sleep," written by M. A. Baines, music by Herbert Baines, will meet with a good reception. It is for S. A. T. B.—"The Treasury of Song for Young Singers" well merits its name, as it contains two dozen pretty little poems for children, set to melodies by ancient and modern composers, including Schumann, Beethoven, Haydn, Donizetti, and Callcott. We can recommend it to the notice of all who have the charge of young folks in and out of London.—A pleasing song for a tenor is "Vieni Con Me a Vogar!" a *barcarola*, music by Franco Novara, the Italian words by G. T. Ballesteros, freely adapted to the English by Spencer Hervey. By the same composer is an easy duet, "The Plighting Kiss," for soprano and bass, words by H. F. Dempster.—Of two songs, music by H. G. Trembath, for which E. Oxenford has supplied words of a very ordinary type for "One Day;" whilst "The Miner and His Boy," words by F. E. Weatherly, is replete with pathos and healthy sentiment.—Longfellow's graceful poem, "Endymion," has inspired Rowland Philpot to a very musically setting for a soprano or tenor; it deserves to take a good position in the concert room and home circle.—Three songs, which will serve their turn by way of a change, but for which but a short career may be anticipated, are: "In Doubt," words by "H. B. B.," music by R. A. Briggs; "The Last Farewell," written and composed by Edward F. Strange and Ernest E. Vinen; and "Two Journeys," words from "Argosy," music by T. A. Aldridge. All three of these songs are of medium compass.—"Marche Moderne" (in E flat), for the organ, by Edwin H. Lemare; and "Two Sonatinas," for the organ, by Arthur B. Plant, Mus. Bac., Oxon., may with advantage be added to the *répertoire* of all organists in search of secular novelties.—"The Major and Minor Scales for the Violin," edited and carefully fingered by C. Egerton Lane, will prove of great assistance to students of that difficult instrument.—"Marche Religieuse," for the pianoforte, by E. Sturmfels, and "Gavotte Caesarewitsch," by Hermann Fliege, are well calculated for schoolroom study.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY CO.—Two very pleasing part-songs, music by G. B. Allen, are: "He That Loves a Rosy Cheek" (S. A. T. B.), words by Carew; and "Birdie Singing on the Tree," words by Beatrice Abercrombie.—Again we have before us four songs which do not rise above mediocrity, yet have no actual faults, and which will no doubt find singers and audiences to like them; they are: "Was It Well?" written and composed by E. Oxenford and M. A. Baker; "Parted Lives" and "Loving Still," words by E. Oxenford, music by Joseph Spaworth; and "It Is But for Life," words by C. Millward, music by G. Staker. By the same *collaborateurs*, a song which is not lacking in originality, and somewhat out of the ordinary groove of love songs, is "I Never Loved But Thee."—Byron's well-known and admired poem, "When We Two Parted," has been prettily set to music by M. Skirrow.—"Second Set of Dances," for the pianoforte, by Erskine Allen, are tuneful and sprightly. The same may be said of his waltz "Esmé."—"The Rowena Waltz," by A. H. Fowler, has little to distinguish it from a host of its kindred. We shall look for something better from this composer in time to come.



"THE VERGE OF NIGHT," by Percy Greg (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is a political novel of an exceedingly superior order. How it comes to pass that Conservatism has hitherto almost monopolised the best and most successful political novels, might afford an interesting subject for speculation. It must suffice here to say that Mr. Percy Greg very distinctly wears the Conservative colours, without being ever guilty of conscious bias or intentional injustice: indeed the high-mindedness and generosity of his principal characters are very obviously the reflection of his own. The ground dealt with is altogether contemporary, and, though many of the incidents are selected on the score of probability rather than actuality, others, including the picturesque descriptions of certain memorable debates, are of very recent date indeed. Many of the personages, though always introduced under fictitious names, will be found exceedingly easy to identify by means of those characteristics which their greatest admirers will be the most prompt to recognise. We have become so accustomed, in work of this kind, to ill-nature under the form of satire, that its absence is positively refreshing, and goes far to compensate for what is no

doubt a certain absence of marked flavour. Mr. Greg has the most profound faith in the continuance of the best and highest traditions of English statesmanship, and he not only believes in them, but is capable of expounding them. The novel is, however, by no means entirely of a political character. It is also an exceedingly careful study of the characters of a pair of married lovers, whose very virtues render life together a difficult problem for both of them to solve. It must be owned that their too strained relations, ready to snap at half a word, and the morbid delicacy of their tempers, well-nigh exhaust the reader's patience as well as their own, a great deal too often. But their minute *nuances* of emotion are given with unquestionable, and occasionally with extraordinary, subtlety. The story is by no means complex, and the interest is thrown entirely upon the combined domestic and political, or rather Parliamentary, elements. These are woven together with singular ingenuity—indeed the construction is so unobtrusively skilful that much attention is required in order to see how completely indispensable each of these elements is to the other. Exciting, the novel certainly cannot be called. But it is thoroughly interesting—at any rate it will be found so by readers with rather more leisure than is generally demanded by the contemporary novel. More conciseness, and a great deal less repetition, would have rendered its general popularity much more certain. When any decided incident does occur, as in the case of the dynamite explosion in the crisis of a debate, we are reminded of the best passages in Mr. Greg's more romantic novels, and are disposed to wish that there were more of the same kind.

"Maruja" (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus) is not one of Mr. Bret Harte's successes. It is the story of a Mexican heiress, of wonderful capacities for passion, but in appearance the coldest of coquettes, who falls in love with a passing tramp, not knowing that he is the rightful heir to her whole fortune. We suppose that Maruja and her lover, as well as the still more melodramatic people about them, are intended for special studies in eccentric psychology; and the eccentricity is unquestionable. Mr. Bret Harte's own particular public will be disappointed by the absence of all his more characteristic touches. Humour and pathos are as wanting as if they had been intentionally and even puritanically avoided. And without these, or at any rate without what may pass for them, the reasons for telling the story of Maruja are not easy to find. The plot is of no interest, and the characters remain unintelligible to the end. The style, however, is a model of directness and simplicity.

"A Ruined Sanctuary," by Louisa Bigg (Wyman and Son), is a contribution to the rapidly increasing stock of shilling fiction. The story is sufficiently romantic. It tells how a fascinating Vicar, the Rev. Basil Arnold, had, before taking Orders, loved and deserted another man's wife, who, after he had become a Canon and was on the high road apparently to a Bishopric, turned up in his own parish to trouble him. She even goes so far as to fire at him with a revolver during a festival occasion in his own church, and would have killed him had not a young lady who adored him secretly rushed forward and received in her own heart the bullet intended for the Vicar's. Side by side with this runs a happier and, it is to be hoped, more probable love story; and the novel contains a great deal about Church work blended with its melodramatic elements in the very oddest way. We are afraid that Louisa Bigg has been trying to catch two very different sorts of readers at once, with just as much or as little success as was to be expected. Some of the subordinate characters are fairly well sketched; but the story has no other merits that call for particular mention.

Shilling fiction is yet further represented by "The Strange Story of Eugenia," and Other Stories, by Miss H. H. Coode (Griffith, Farran, and Co.). These tales are of a very old-fashioned sort, admitting the frankly supernatural, without any psychological affectations. "The Necromancer's Hand" is a decidedly good tale of its kind, with a grotesqueness evidently learned in the French or German school. The effect of humour is obtained in no small measure by the severely simple and serious manner in which it is told. "Martin Sans-Tête" is another grotesque oddity of the same order. Both stories, though by no means perfect of their exceedingly difficult kind, show a great deal of cleverness in a direction which the authoress would do well to cultivate.

"Mem Sahib," by Mrs. Platt (1 vol.: Hamilton, Adams and Co.), is a feeble little tale serving to introduce some sketches of a lady's life in India. The plot depends upon that lady having a father in prison, and upon her having promised her mother to keep the secret from her husband—a piece of folly which gives a man she detests a certain sort of power over her which comes to nothing. For the rest, when husbands and wives have no secrets, Indian life is made to appear a singularly uninteresting affair.

THE NEW BOLAN RAILWAY, whose completion is so eagerly desired by advocates of improved frontier defence in India, passes through a terribly hot region. A Persian saying pitifully describes the Lower Bolan thus:—"Seeing that there is Dadur, why did Allah make the infernal regions?" The railway up the pass is a broad line laid practically in the bed of the river. Probably considerable lengths would be submerged in a heavy flood, though the line has been laid across when practicable on timber piers, and the engineers hope that the floods would pass harmlessly over these bridges. The line winds through the gorges like a snake, the smallest curve being 800 feet radius, and the steepest gradient in 150.

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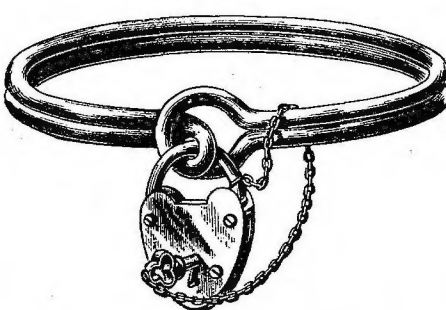
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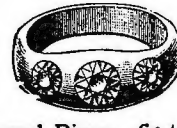
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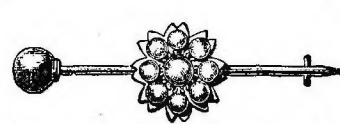
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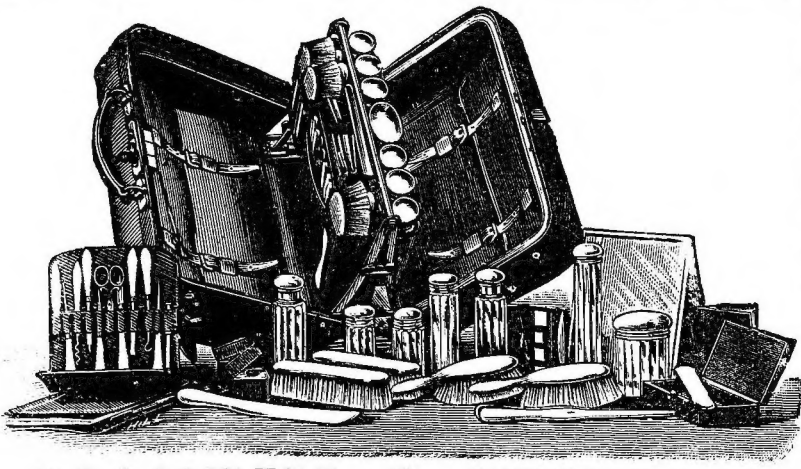
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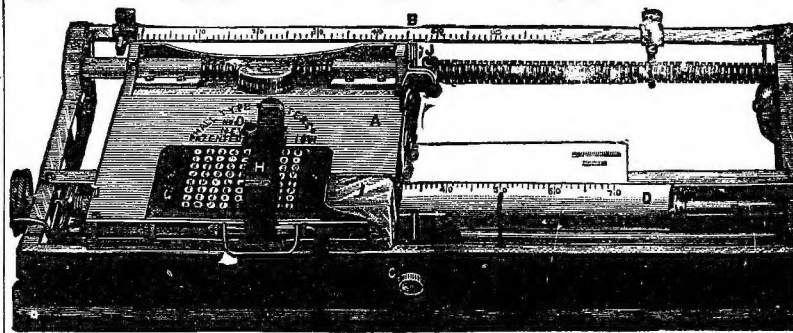
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"The ordinary ammoniaphone, saturated as it is with peroxide of hydrogen, amide of hydrogen, and ammonia, is further drenched with the highly volatile antiseptics named, and when a rapid current of air is drawn into the lungs through the instrument, the air becomes supersaturated with the antiseptics, which impinge on the injured vein or artery in the lung, with the result that in a few moments the bleeding ceases, and by continuing the inhalations several times daily the broken lung vessel becomes cemented up with coagulated hæmotosine. All educated medical scientists are aware that the albuminous and fibrinous matters in blood are coagulated by antiseptics of the series last mentioned, as well as by many others. Here, then, we have a means at hand, always ready for use, of doing good in a moment, and I have now seen a number of cases, so that, alike in theory and in practice, the inhalation of volatile antiseptics employed in the manner stated is correct."

DR. A. S. KENNEDY, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., writes as follows:—

"The two Ammoniaphones that I had from you have given very good results. Apart from improved timbre, resonance, and extension of register, which are undeniable, I have found the Ammoniaphone most useful in cutting short catarrhal and laryngeal troubles, and of great benefit in removing huskiness. Several patients have tried the Ammoniaphone at my suggestion, and are all pleased with the improvement in their voices."

DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, in writing to the *Lancet*, says:—"Peroxide of hydrogen (one of the principal ingredients of the Ammoniaphone), relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough, and cuts short the disease more effectually than any other medicine; affords great relief in chronic bronchitis with dyspnoea, and in phthisis operates favourably in the early stage by improving digestion, and giving increased activity to the chylæatic remedies, while in the advanced stages it affords great relief to the dyspnoea and oppression, acting in this respect like opium without its narcotic effects."

PROFESSOR SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, in a lecture delivered at the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, described the Ammoniaphone in almost prophetic language. He said:—"The future conquests for them, and for the coming race of physicians, were probably to be gained by researches in pathological chemistry and therapeutics. A most extensive field for new investigations in this line lies temptingly open for the young and ambitious physician in the almost innumerable series of new chemical compounds which modern chemistry has evolved. Among this world of new compounds will probably be yet detached therapeutic agents more direct, more swift, and yet more sure in their action than any which our present pharmacopœia can boast of. It may be also that the day will yet come when OUR PATIENTS WILL BE ASKED TO BREATHE OR INSPIRE MOST OF THEIR MEDICINES INSTEAD OF SWALLOWING THEM."



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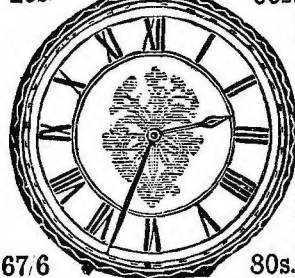
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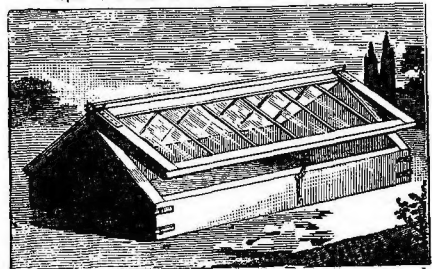
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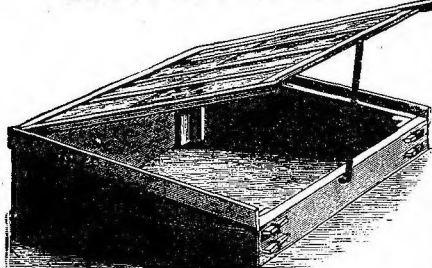
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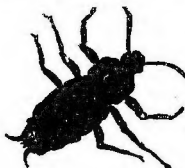
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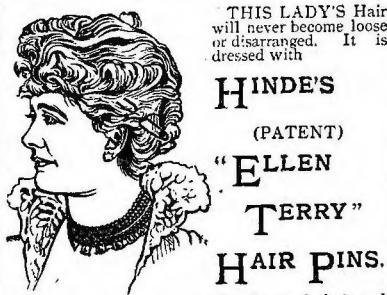
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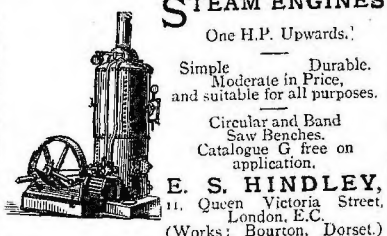
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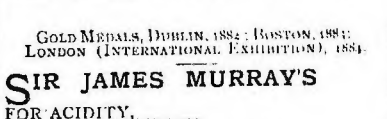
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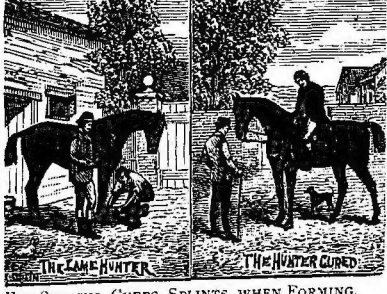
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"Sirs,—I find Elliman's Embrocation exceedingly
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